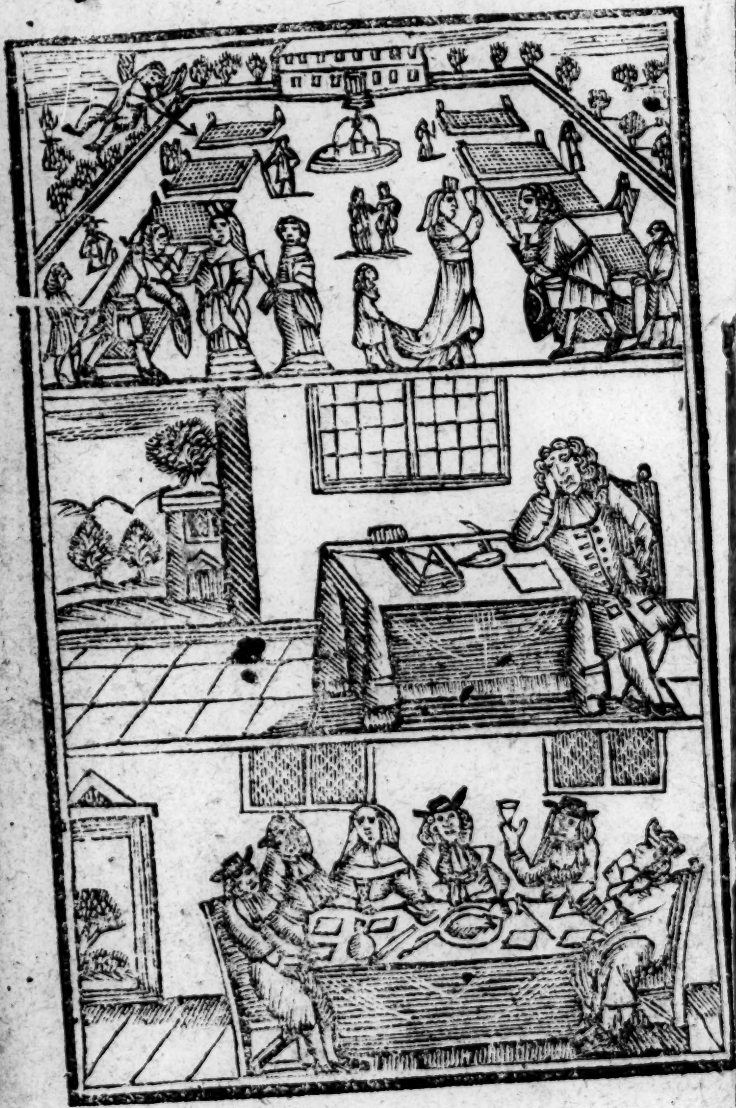
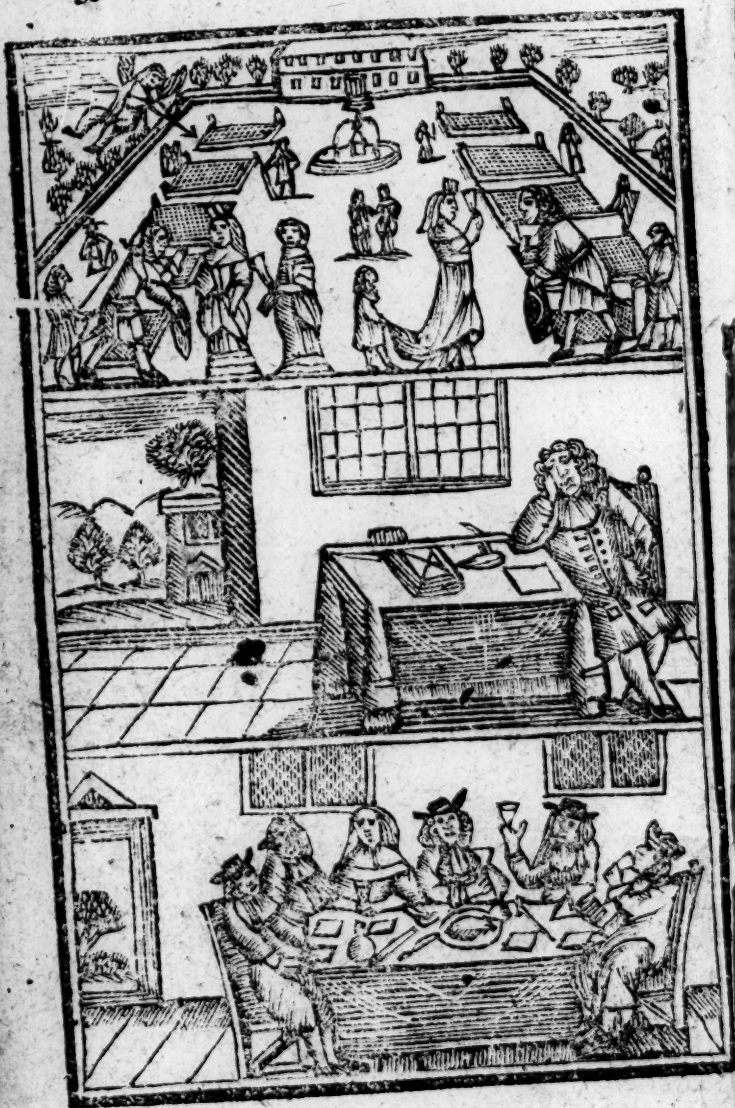


Coffee-House JESTS.



Coffee-House JESTS.



Coffee-House

JESTS.

BEING

A Merry Companion :

CONTAINING

Witty Jests,		Jokes,
Wise Sayings,		Pleasant Tales,
Smart Repartees,		Notable Bulls.

WITH

Several short Delightful *Histories*,
Novels, and other Curious Fancies.

L O N D O N :

Printed for S. Crowder and Comp. at the
Looking-Glass, on *London-Bridge* ; and
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Maria-Lane. 1760.

[Price One Shilling.]





Coffee-House

JESTS.

1. **A** Lusty young Widower in *Yorkshire* came to Wooe a rich Widow in *Somersetshire*; and being at her House, she led him out in the Afternoon to shew him what fine Conveniencies she had about her; and first shewed him her Garden, saying, Have you seen, Sir, such large Cabbages as these any where? He told her, They were indeed large Cabbages for this Country; but his Cabbages were so large, that they would shelter a Team of Horses under them a whole Winter's Night; which made her wonder. Then she shewed him the Dairy, and some Cheeses that were there, saying, They were accounted the largett Cheeses in *England*: Yes, says he, they are, I confesse; large Cheeses for this Country; but mine are so big in *Yorkshire*, that my Dairy Maid is forced to call the Men to turn them with Levers every Morning: This made her wonder the more. Then she

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shewed him her House, saying, Is it not very high? For it is accounted the highest House in all our Country. Yes, says he, it is a high House for this Country; but mine is so high in *Yorkshire*, that if a Man goes up but to the upper Room, and does not take a Six penny Loaf with him, he'll be starved before he comes down. The good well-meaning Woman had a Mind to believe some Part of it, because she saw him a handsome personable Man, and had a Month's Mind to him. So in the Morning before the Master was up, she takes out his Servant, and shews him the Garden and her good Cabbages there, and asked him, If they were not very large ones? Ye, indeed are they, Mistress, says he: But says she, thy Master says his are so big, that they will keep a Team of Horses dry a whole Winter's Night, though it rain all the while. Truly, forsooth, Mistress, says he, I seldom go into the Garden; but this I can tell you of my Master's Cabbages, that he makes Windmill-polls of the Stalks of them. Then she began to smiler at this, and thought the rest might be true: Yet still she doubted. Then she shewed him the Dairy, asking him, Whether these were not very large Cheeses? Yes, by my Faith, says he, forsooth, Mistress, they are very large Cheeses indeed. But, says she, your Master says, that his Cheeses are so big in his Dairy in *Yorkshire*, that Men turn them every Morning with Levers. Truly, forsooth, says he, I seldom come into the Dairy; but this I can say, That the Whey of one of his Cheeses will drive a Mill for two Hours together. Then she bid him look upon the Height of her House,

House, and asked him, Whether it was not very high? Yes, says he, it is extreamly high. But, says she, your Master says that his House is so high, that if he goes up to the Top, altho' he had a Six-penny Loaf in his Hand, yet he will starved before he comes down again. Truly, forsooth, says he, I know nothing of that; but this I can say, That when I am in the upper Room of his House, I can hear a Noise in another World. Nay then, says the Woman, I find all is true that thy Master says, and am resolved to make it a Match; and married they were the *Tuesday* seven-night after, but I know no more of it.

2. A Maid was once making of Black-puddings, and her Dame told her, That the Stuff looked dry, there was not Blood enough in it. Truly, Dame, says she, I think there is Blood enough, for my Nose has bled this half Hour, and all dropped into the Bowl. I would they were in your Guts, says her Dame. Truly, says the Maid, so I intend they shall be when they are boiled.

3. The Wench aforesaid had some very large Tripe to wash and cleanse; as she was washing it, her Dame told her, she must use some hot Water about it: Then she, pretty Heart, made Water upon it very plentifully, and rubbed it in with great Care and Pains. Says her Dame, I bid you use some hot Water about it. So I did, says she, all that I could make; for I can do no more than I can.

4. A Trooper in a Fight had fixed a Pair of Ram's Horns in a thick Leather Cap, very artificially,

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cially, to secure his Head, instead of a Head-piece in the Fight : which another Soldier's Wife hearing of, said, If that secured the other Soldier so well, being only artificial, what will mine do, Neighbour, which are truly natural, on my dear Husband's Head ? And now I find what it was preserved him in all the Fights, for he never was wounded in the Head at all.

5. One coming into *Newmarket* to buy some Butter, and there cheapned some ; and the Woman asked Ten-pence a Pound : Then he smelt to it : What, says she, do you smell to it ? It seems you do not like my Butter. Yes, says he, but it is no better than it should be. Then you'll buy none, says she ? No, says he, for a Reason best known to myself. Then she asked him the Reason ; and with much Importunity he told her, It was because he had no Money. Well then, says the Woman, Take it for nothing, so you'll pay me for it next Time you come.

6 A Faulconer being a Hawking in the Country, by Chance came to a little Ale-house, standing alone in a Wood ; and being on Horseback, knocked at the Door, upon which a little Girl came out ; then says he to her, I pray Virgin, do me the Kindness to fetch me a Coal of Fire to light my Tobacco. Then she ran in to her Mother, and told her that he called her Virgin : Out comes the Mother in a great Fury, and told him, He was a Rogue to call her Daughter Virgin, she would have him to know, she kept no such Cattle in her House ; for tho' she was poor, she kept an honest House, and shut the Door upon him, and told him, he should have no Fire there.

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7. A Citizen's Wife was telling one that she had been in the Country, and saw how Wheat, Rye, Barley and Oats grew ; but she could never tell how Malt grew. Why truly, Neighbour, says another, The Women in the Country do spin the Ma't together. On my Troth, says she, I believe so too, for I see the Threads hang out at the Ends of it.

8. A Gentleman going drunk to Bed over-night, in the Morning he could not find his Breeches : Then he knocked for the Chamberlain : Sir, says he, if you are sure you brought them in with you, you had best search your Pockets for them, for you lost all your Money last Night out of your Pockets, it may be your Breeches are got in there.

9. A Country Fellow coming to Oxford-Market, cheaped some Apples of an Apple-Woman there, and she told him Six a Penny ; which he thought unreasonable, and thereupon called her Son of a Whore ; then she told him, he was a Rogue to call her the Son of a Whore, for her Mother was as honest a Woman's Child, as any was in the Parish where she lived.

10. Some being merry together, amongst other Discourse, one said, A Bushel of *March* Dust is worth a King's Ransom ; but says another, What is a Hogshead of *March* Beer worth then ? For that comforts the Spirits, and the other spoils the Eyes.

11. Some Gentlemen were sitting at a Coffee-house together, one was asking what News there was ? The other told him, There were Forty Thousand Men rose To-day ; which made them all stare about, and asked him to what End they

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rose, and what they did intend? Why Faith, says he, only o go to Bed at Night again.

12. A Country Fellow being before the Justices upon his Oath at the Sessions, was asked the Cause of two Mens falling out: He said, My Lord, You are a Rogue. The Judge seeing the People beging to laugh, bid him speak to the Jury, for there were Twelve of them.

13. One bid a Maid go and kifs such a Gentleman. No, Faith says she, I beg your Pardon for that, for I won't go to Market for such Ware, which I can have brought Home to my Door without any Trouble, with 'Vantage too.

14. A Girl that had a Month's Mind to be married, on the Wedding-day at Night, says she (to one of her Comrades) when I was to go to Bed, I un-laced, and laced myself again, and pulled off my Shoes and Stockings, and put them on again: But when I was to go into Bed, said I, O lack-a-day, must I lye with a strange Man To-night! And when I was in Bed, I bethought myself how I should lye; for if I should turn my Face to him he'd think I was bold; and if I should turn my Back to him, he would say I was unmannerly; therefore I was resolved to lye upon my Back, let come what would.

15. In the Time of the Rump, two Rump Parliament-Men being in a Pair of Oars, says one of them, You Watermen are Hypocrites; for you row one Way, and look another. O Sir, says one of them (being a smart Fellow, we have not plyed so long at Westminster, but we have heard something of our Matters (the Parliament that is there) that is, to pretend to one Thing and do another.

16. A

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16. A Country Fellow brought a Letter to a Gentleman's House, but he not being at Home, left it with a Monkey that stood at the Door; the Gentleman hearing of it, when he met the Man, was very angry with him: Sir, says he, an't please your Worship, I delivered it to your Son, who was at the Door. My Son! says he, 'twas a Monkey. Truly Sir, said he, I thought it was your Son, it was so like you.

17. An arch Wag put a great many Rams Horns in a Basket, and went up and down crying, New Fruit in the Winter Time; at last a Lawyer bid him let him see his Winter Fruit; which when he saw them, he said, Thou Fool, who do you think will buy Horns? O Sir, says he, tho' you are provided, yet I may meet with some that are not.

18. A Man was advised to venture at the great Lottery in *Moorfields*. No, no, says he, there is none but Cockolds have any Luck there; at which which his sweet and virtuous Wife being by, and hearing of it, said, My dear Husband, let me entreat you of all Love to venture there, for I am certain you will have good Luck. But how he took it I cannot tell.

19. A Countryman coming to Town in the Rump's Time, and hearing of great Things they had done, would needs go to the Parliament-House to see them; and being there, said, Now God's Blessing on you all, for you are a goodly Company, and have done most wonderful Things to the Good of us all; and that we may be further serviceable unto you, my Wife and I, and all my Children, will work hard for you all;
for

for I see there is a great Company of you: Not doubting but in a little Time you may have Occasion to make Use of me and my Trade. Then they asked him what Trade he was? He told 'em a Rope-maker; and presently flipt away among the Croud.

20. A *Welchman* met another going up a Mountain, with a large Pompkin in his Hand: He asked him what it was? He told him it was a Mare's Egg, and would have a Colt. Then he gave him a Groat for it, and carried it up the Hill; and when he was come to the Top, by chance he let the Pompkin fall, which tumbled a-pace down the Hill, till it came to a Bush, where it stopped, and by its beating the Bush, forced out a Hare from thence, which the *Welchman* seeing, thought it was a Colt; and cried as it ran, Stop hur Colt, stop hur Colt; yet for all that away went the Hare, which made the poor *Welchman* for Grief turn bald, in regard he had lost his Hare.

21 A Lord-Mayor being once invited to the Temple to Dinner; but finding his Entertainment at his coming not to answer his Expectation, retired back without eating; and at his coming out, a Gentleman met one of his Servants, and said to him, Much good may it do you, Sir. Why now, says he, you think you have jeered me, but I will assure you, I have dined To-day as well as my Lord-Mayor.

22. A Mayor of a Town in *Wiltshire*, came to give a Visit to the Mayor of *Wootton-Basset*; and when he came to his House, he found him turning the Spit, which made him think he might
jeer

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jeer him Abroad for it, and therefore desir'd the other Mayor to sit down and turn the Spit, whilst he went out to fetch some Drink; which he did, and in the mean Time invited all the Aldermen of his Town to Dinner; where being come, they found the other Mayor turning the Spit, which saved the Credit of the Mayor of *Wootton-Bas-*
set.

23. A rich and covetous Counsellor of this Kingdom, that had an only Child, which was a Daughter, and worth Twenty Thousand Pounds, a young handsome Gentleman of good Birth, though of no great Fortune, yet had so far insinuated himself into the young Lady's Favour, that she had promised him Marriage, if he could get her Father's Consent. Immediately he comes for *London*, and goes to her Father, and told him, That he would give him Ten Pounds for a Fee, if he could assist him in a Business which did much concern him; which was, That there was a rich young Heiress in Town, which had promis'd him Marriage, if it could any Way be made good in Law. Why, says he, let her hire a Horse, and invite you to take her away, and let her get up before, and you behind, that it may not be said that you rode away with her, but she with you; and let her go to the Minister, and tell him, 'Tis her Desire to be married to you, and so get a License accordingly; and when you are married, then be sure to bed, and I'll warrant you she's your own. And this, says the Gentleman, you will avouch for Law? He told him, Yes. Well, Sir, says he, if you will set your Hand to it, I'll give you Ten Pounds more; which he did,
imme-

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Immediately he goes into the Country, and shews the young Lady what was done, and how it was done; and she accordingly performed her Promise, and suddenly married and bedded; and so having continued a Week, they both came to *London*, and came to her Father, and fell down upon their Knees to him, and craved a Blessing; which made him at first fly into harsh Language, but the Gentleman said, We have done nothing but what you have avouched for Law, and have it under your Hand. The Lawyer fearing his Reputation might be brought into Question, and seeing him to be a handsome and well-bred Gentleman, and of a good Family, clapt both their Hands together, and said God bleis them: And then gave them a Subsistence for the present, and made over all to them after his Death.

24. A mad roaring Fellow, as he was riding, falling from his Horse, pitched upon his Head, yet ran among the People standing by, swearing that he had broke his Neck; and they had no other Cause but to believe him, because he swore it heartily himself.

25. A Country Fellow having been at *London*, and being come Home, a She-Neighbour asked him, What News there was in *London*? Faith, says he, all the News that I heard, was, That there was a great Press out for Cuckolds. Are you sure on't, says she? Sure on't? says he, I am certain of it. Then I am resolved, says she, my dear Husband shall not stir out till the Press is over.

26. An

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26. An arch Wag hearing a Woman crying Kitchen-stuff, asked her what it was? She said, That which drops from the Flesh. Well, says he, call To-morrow Morning, and I'll help you to some: And having gotten a Pot full of Sur-reverence, the Woman, as her Custom was, put her Hand into the Pot, and drawing it out, smelt the Affront, and began to be angry: Nay, says he, do not be angry, for I helped you to that which falls from the Flesh. 'Tis very true indeed, says she, and I find your Flesh is now very dry (she stroaked his Face with her Hand) and it wants a little greasing, and stands I think in need of basting too; and being a lusty Jade did baste him very handsomely.

27. A Gallant did fancy that he sung exceeding well, although he had a very bad and hoarse Voice; and having observed that a poor Woman did always cry when she heard him sing; asked her the Reason of it: Truly, Sir, said she, when I was forced, being poor, to sell all my Goods, and had nothing left me but one poor silly Ass, which was all my Support, and at last I lost my Ass too; now that which makes me cry, is, that whenever I hear you sing, it puts me in Mind of my poor Ass.

28. A strange Gentleman being much necessitated for a House of Office in the City, and being unacquainted, went into an Upholsterer's Shop, and bid him shew him a Close-stool: Then he shewed him one: What, says he, have you no better? Yes, says he, all of colour'd Velvet. Go, says he, fetch me two or three down. In the mean Time he lets down his Breeches, and sat down:

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down: The Upholsterer coming down, and seeing him in that Posture, asked him what he was doing? Why, truly, says he, I am trying of it. And plucking up his Breeches again, said, He did not like any of them, for they were all too low for him, and so went out of Doors

29. A Doctor of Divinity in *Oliver's* Days, that had been sufficiently persecuted and plundered for his Loyalty to his Prince, which made him, and many others (that held his Tenets) to talk at random sometimes, when they had nothing to lose; but this talking of his happened to be a Benefit to him: For divers did acquaint *Oliver*, that he was often heard to say, That he did heartily wish that *Oliver* and all his Army were in Hell: Upon which *Oliver* sent him a Summons to appear before him; and being come, Why, how now, Doctor, says he: I did never expect to have heard such Language to proceed from a Man of your Coat. Why, Sir, says the Doctor, what did I say? Why, says *Oliver*, I heard that you should wish that both myself and my Army were in Hell. Is that all, says the Doctor? Why truly, Sir, you need not endeavour to procure any Testimony to make this manifest; for I do confess I have said so an Hundred Times, and do wish the same still; and I think I have done exceeding well in so well wishing; and my Reasons are these: For if you, and your Army have conquered three such Kingdoms as these, if you were all in Hell, I think it were impossible for that one Kingdom to withstand you; and that being conquered, would it not be a great Blessing to us all? Which
Conceit

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Conceit not only procured his Pardon, but a Re-stitution of his Parsonage also, and likewise a Gratuity ; which made him as loyal to him as he was before.

30. A *Scottish* Minister being Chaplain to an *English* Regiment of Foot, in the Time of the Rump Parliament, at St. *Edmundsbury* in *Suffolk* ; and there as he was preaching to them, said, Good Lord, bless the Grand Council above, (*viz.* the Parliament) and grant they may all hang together ; which a Country Fellow that stood underneath, hearing, said, Yes, Sir, with all my Heart, and the sooner the better ; and I am sure 'tis the Prayers of all good People. But, good Friends, says the Parson, I do not mean as that naughty Man means ; but I pray that they may all hang together in Accord and Concord. Yes, says the Fellow again, In any Cord, so it be but a strong Cord : And when he had so said, he slipt away from the Company.

31. A School-master always used to dictate to his Scholars, *H non est Litera* ; that is, H is no Letter ; and on a Time he call'd one of his Scholars to him, and bid him Heat the Caudle, and when he asked for it, the Scholar told him, That he had done with the Caudle as he bid him. What is that ? says his Master. Why, Sir, says he, I did Eat it. Sirrah, says he, I bid you Heat it, with an H. Yes, Sir, says he, but I did Eat it with Bread, for you often said H was no Letter.

32. A Gentleman desired of a covetous Neighbour of his to lend him Ten Pounds ; he professed he had none to spare : But the Gentleman having at that Time a very great Occasion, told him,
That

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That he had a Gelding that he had been offer'd Twelve Pounds for, but for the present, he would take Ten. Well, Sir, says the Miser, I will go and try a Friend (which you may be sure was his Chest) and fetch the Money presently; which when the Gentleman had received, and the Horse deliver'd, he said, Now I find that Horses have more Credit than Men.

33. Two Fellows going with a Present to a covetous Man, one of them said, They should but lose their Labour: Well, says t'other, I'll hold you a Crown that we shall get there both Meat, Drink and Money: Done, says t'other: And being come thither, one of them told him that he was very dry; and then he bid him go down into the Cellar; and when they came there, he told the Butler, that he could not drink without eating; then the Butler went up and told his Master of it, who bid him set a cold Pasty before them, of which they eat plentifully: And when they had filled their Bellies, they both went to the Master to take their Leaves of him, (also expecting some Gratuity) which when they saw none appear, says one of them boldly, Pray Sir, what shall we say to our Master, if he should ask us what you gave us? Which put him to a stand for a while, at last he gave them Half a Crown: So the Fellow won his Wager.

34. A Gentleman and a peevish Parson were riding together (in an extream rainy Day) in the Forest of *Sherwood*, in *Nottinghamshire*; so that there was no House within four or five Miles of the Place, and they were soundly fous'd with the Rain, which made the Parson fret and vex extreamly.

extreamly. Come, chear up, says the Gentleman to him, for if it does not hold up quickly, we'll e'en do as they do in *Spain*. Well, says the Parson, What's that? Why, says t'other, e'en let it rain on; which put the Parson into a greater Chase than before. And as they galloped along by a poor Beggar-man's Hat, which was in the Middle of the Forest, and just in the High-way; and having galloped almost a Quarter of a Mile beyond it, the Old Man hearing some Horses gallop by, came out, and cries, Do ye hear, do ye hear, do ye hear, Gentlemen? Which made them think that he would tell them something to avoid Robbing, and so presently galloped back again to the Hut. Then says the Beggar to them, Pray Gentlemen, bestow a Penny upon a poor Old Man; which put the Parson into such a Fury, that he would have beat the Beggar; and had so done, but for the Gentleman, who was so pleased with the Humour of the Old Man, and the Conceit also, and to see the Parson in such a Fume, that he threw him Six-pence: So they both rode away for *Tuxford* as fast as they could; and when they came there, they had never a wet Thread dry about them.

35 A Fellow that had never a Nose, a roguish Beggar begged of him an Alms, and still as he begged, he prayed for his Eye-sight. He asked him what he meant by that? He told him, that he hoped his Eye-sight would never fail him: For if it does, says he, you are in a most miserable Condition; for there was no Place to fix a Pair of Spectacles on.

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36. Another meeting him by chance without a Nose, asked him by way of Jeer, What that was upon his Nose? He said, a Worm. Alas, poor Worm, says he, I see he is fain to go about, now the Bridge is broken down

37. An Apothecary in *Oxford* spoke to a Countryman, by way of Jeer, to bring him some live Rats, and he would give him Eighteen-pence a-piece for them: About a Fortnight afterwards he brought them; and the Apothecary told him, That he was provided the Day before. The Country Fellow seeing he was abused, was resolved to be quit with him. I am unwilling (seeing I have brought them) to carry them back again; and told him, He would take the Money out in Physick, at some Time or other; and so opened his Bag, and let them about the Shop, where they did so whisk up and down the Shelves, that in a little Space they broke him about Forty Pots and Glasses, and could never get rid of them since.

38. A Gentleman was forced for his Loyalty to betake himself to Sea for his Security and Relief, during the Time of the Grand Rebellion; and was there so long, that he became an expert Seaman; insomuch, that when he came back (which was about the Time of his late Majesty's most happy Restauration) he was asked by a Fanatick Parson, Whether he could say his Compass or not? Ye, says he, that I can; and I'll lay a Wager with you also, that I can say my Compass better than you can say the Lord's Prayer (which he, poor Heart, had discontinued for many Years before;) and a Sea-Captain was the

the Judge to determine who said best. So the Gentleman said over his Compass, and the Parson the Lord's-Prayer; but the Caprain could not judge who said best. Then the Gentleman began to say his Compass backwards; which he did very well; but the Parson could not say the Lord's-Prayer backwards, so that the Gentleman won the Wager; who also told him, That it was no Wonder that he could not say it backwards; because, for many Years together he never saw him forward to say it at all.

39. A Man was condemned at a Sessions to be hanged for a Robbery; but before and after he was condemned, his careful, dear, and loving Wife, bid him take no Care; for she had took that Care that he should not die; which made the Man live more dissolutely than he would have done, but for his Wife's Confidence; which Confidence she continued to him, till the Night before he was to be hanged: And then she came to him, and told him, That all the great Promises made to her were come to nothing; for she could not procure him a Pardon by any Means whatsoever: which put the poor Man into such a Grief and Trembling, that he was scarce himself. Come, Husband, says she, take Heart; for tho' I cannot get you a Pardon, yet I will tell you what I'll do for you: I'll make you an excellent Caudle To-night, which will make you sleep well, and another To-morrow Morning, to comfort your Heart before you are hanged: For truly, I believe it troubles you as well as me, that I could not get your Pardon; therefore pass it by this once; but if ever you come to be hanged again, I will warrant you, I'll get you your Pardon.

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40 A Fellow was accused before a Justice for calling a Woman Whore: The Justice asked him why he did so? He told him, Because he had lain with her above an Hundred Times: O pray, Sir, says she, do not believe him: for he never lay with me but Three Times in his Life, and then he promised to give me Half a Crown a Time; but I will assure you, Sir, I never received one Penny of him: And why did you not ask him for it? the Justice. Indeed, Sir, says she, I did often call upon him for it; nay, called him Rogue too, because he would not pay me. Why then, says the Justice, do you think him a Rogue? Yes, truly, Sir, says she, to aggravate the Matter, he is a very Rogue. Nay, says the Justice, then it is Pity that a Rogue and a Whore should be parted, and so sent them both to Prison together: Then they both intreated him. Nay, says the Justice, confess and be hanged; and so sent them both away.

41. A mad hare-brained Country Fellow came to a great Lady that was his Landlady, to tell her that his Wife was brought to Bed: Faith, it is true, Madam, says he. How! brought to Bed, says my Lady, what was she drunk or sick? No, no, Madam, I mean she has a Child. O! says my Lady, now I understand you: Well then, says she, what has God sent her? Faith, says he, nothing as I know of; I don't believe she ever heard from him in her Life. Puh, says the Lady, I mean, has she a Boy or a Girl? O! do ye mean so? Forsooth Madam, why guess then, says he. 'Tis a Boy, says my Lady. No Vaith, Madam, guess again. Why, a Girl, says she. Vaith, Madam,

Madam, I think in my Conscience you are a Witch : It is a Girl indeed.

42. A Man being newly married, enter'd himself into a *French School* the very next Day after, which made most of the Neighbours wonder why he d d it : Some thought that he had a better Opinion of his Wife's Honesty than she deserved, and so thought it was to defend her : But the naked Truth was, That he had matched with her before : Now he did only intend to match her, because he knew she'd be at Daggers-drawing with him, if he did but look angry.

43. A Fellow was indicted for stealing a Silver Cup, and the Judge asked him what he could say for himself, that Judgment should not pass upon him ? He told him, That he had meant no Hurt to the Man when he took it ; and did only in end to pawn it for a Time, and then to bring it back to him again, and pay him so much a Month for the Use whilst he had it ; and that it was only a foolish Custom he had got. Well, says the Judge, if it be your Custom to steal, it is also my Custom to hang up those that do steal. For the Commandment says, *Thou shalt not steal*. Yes, says he, Thou must not steal, but I may ; and therefore why should I be hanged for it ? And besides, Sir, says the Thief, I take it very ill from you to offer to hang me, only for having a Cup too much. No, says the Justice, it is not for having a Cup too much, but for having a Cup more than your own. Sir, said he, I do not own it to be mine ; it is his.

44. A cleanly Woman in *Cambridgeshire*, had made good store of Butter, and whilst she went a little

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little Way out into the Town, about some earnest Occasions, a Neighbour's Dog came in in the mean Time, and eat up half the Butter: Being come Home, her Maid told her what the Dog had done, and that she had locked him up in the Dairy-house: So she took the Dog and hanged him up by the Heels, till she had squeezed all the Butter out of his Throat again, which she, pretty cleanly Soul, took and put to the rest of the Butter, and made it up for *Cambridge* Market; but her Maid told her, she was ashamed to see such a nasty Trick done: Hold your Peace, you Fool, says she, it is good enough for Scholars; away to Market with it.

45. An *Englishman* and a *Scotchman* were both in the Hold of a Ship together, in the last Engagement at Sea; and as they were in the Heat of the Fight, says the *Englishman* to him, Come, let us go up and partake with our Brethren in the Fight, and not stand here like Drones, and do nothing. By —, says he, with all my Heart. And as the *Englishman* led the Way, when he was half Way up, a great Bullet came in, and cut him just in two in the Middle. Udsbroad, says the *Scotchman*, what the De'el dost gang up to fight, and leave thy A—se behind thee.

46. At a general Hurling in *Cornwal*, which is still observed twice a Year, where also is great Wrestling and Cudgel-playing, a Minister happening to be among the Multitude there, for reproving a Fellow for swearing so much, had his Head broke very deep by a Stone that a Fellow flung at him, which some that stood by seeing, said,

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said, Come, Sir, we will go along with you to a Justice. No, says the Minister, truly, I think there is more need to go with me to a Surgeon.

46. A Gentleman was saying, that this is a strange Age we live in ; because most Maids now-a-days do much resemble their Great Grand-mother, Goody *Eve*, for she was no sooner a Woman, but she was married ; and as she knew not her Husband till she had eaten Fruit, so most Maids now have commonly Fruit before they know their Husbands.

47. A Woman in the Country having lost Abundance of Linnen off her Hedge, but could not imagine who was the Thief, so she went to a sober Gentleman, whom she took to be an Astrologer, to desire him to help her to her Linnea again : Then he took her up into his Chamber, and bid her lye down upon the Bed ; and when he knew her as well as her Husband, he told her he would tell her more. What, says she, do you intend to make me a Whore ? Why, says he, should not I make you a Whore, as well as you make me a Witch ?

48. A Rumpish Gallant that had been a little too forward (in those Days) in buying of the King's Lands, for which he did repent heartily, but not till it was too late ; and this very same Person had a little before made a Book, called, *The World in the Moon* ; and after the King's most happy Restauration, he had a great Desire it seems to speak with his Majesty : Among other Discourse, says the King to him, Sir, I hear that you have found out a new World in the Moon ; and I being a Sovereign Prince (as you see I am now, tho'

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you did not think me so formerly) sure I must needs have some Lands there, and, if you please, I will sell them to you: What will you give me for them? O! Sir, says he, I beg your Majesty's Pardon, for I find it dangerous to purchase any King's Lands.

49. A Clown in *Flanders* had a very pretty Woman to his Wife, and both came to an Inn, six Miles from *Ghent*, at Night, and a lusty *Spanish* Soldier happen'd to lie there that Night also; and when they were both in Bed, he seeing she was handsome, made the Number Three in the Bed, without saying, By your Leave; and the Woman, it seems, lay in the Middle: The Clown hearing the Soldier, as he thought, something too bold with his Wife, durst not speak at first; at last he took Courage, (for you must know he was wonderfully valiant) and bid her desire the *Spaniard* to lye still: And she being a very discreet and good-natur'd Woman, and to avoid any further quarrelling, said, Sweet Husband, you know I can't speak *Spanish*, but let me intreat you to rise, and go to the Sexton, for he speaks *Spanish* very well. So the good Man followed his dear Wife's Advice, and rose and went to him; and what was done then is quite out of my Head now; yet I know the Woman must needs be virtuous, and I think, you'll swear discreet. But before he came back, the *Spaniard* was gone, which when he perceived, he began to domineer; swearing, if he had him here, how he would cudgel the Rogue for troubling him so that Night. In Truth, Husband, says she, (very discreetly) I am heartily glad you did not come while

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while he was here, for in your Anger I am sure you would have killed him ; for I know you are very desperate. But prithee, Sweet-heart, says he, how long did he stay after I was gone ? Truly, Husband, says she, you were scarce out of the Door, but he ran away. Well, says he, I cannot chuse but laugh, to see how I scared him ; you see what comes of Policy and Discretion now ; for if I had been hasty, the Rogue might have killed me for ought I know, and then what wouldst thou have done for such a good Husband again, my Dear ? Truly, Husband, says she, it is best as it is, and I am very well pleased.

50. *Apelles*, the most famous Painter in the Time of *Alexander the Great*, had drawn the Picture of the said *Alexander* on Horseback at *Ephesus*, but when *Alexander* had seen it, it seems he did not give it that Praise which it did deserve : Upon which a Horse was immediately brought in, who, as soon as he had seen the painted Horse, began to neigh, as thinking it had been a true one : Then *Apelles* told the King, that the Horse did understand Painting much better than he did.

51. A Gentleman that was riding by a River-side, asked a Country Fellow, Whether that River might be passed over or no ? Yes, says he. Then the Gentleman went to try, and on a sudden plunged himself over Head and Ears, and at last, with much ado, got out again. When he was out, says he, You Rogue, Did you not tell me that I might pass over ? Truly, Sir, says he, I would not have you be angry, for I meant no Hurt ; for I thought you might safely go over, when I saw my Brother *Mason's* Dog, that is let's than your Horse, go over

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and back again without any Danger; and you and your Horse are ten Times as big again as my Brother's Dog; for a little one is sooner drowned than a great one, Sir.

51. A reverend Old Woman that had lived Seventy odd, or thereabouts, and being something unsatisfied in her Religion, went to the Minister of the Town, who was a Presbyter; and having asked her many Questions, at last asked her, How many Commandments there were? Truly, Sir, says she, and please your Worship, I do not know, for I never minded any of them all. Then he called down his Maid *Ann*, and bid her name them all to her, and she named Nine of them: What, says he, is there but Nine? No, Sir, says she, for you and I broke one last Night. Nay, says the Old Woman, if they are so easy to be broke, I am glad I had nothing at all to do with them.

52. An impudent and brazen-fac'd Fellow would almost every Day intrude and invite himself to a Person of Quality's House, always about Dinner and Supper-time; and once at his coming in, the Gentleman bid his Servant stay Dinner a-while. Soon after the Fellow asked one of the Servants what Time Dinner would come up? Ifaith, says the Fellow, I will assure you, Sir, not before you are gone.

53. A Quaker met with one of his holy Sisters, and asked her how all fared at Home? Truly, says she, we all fare well, but my Daughter *Rebecca*, for she is fallen. What, from the Truth? No; fallen in Love: For a zealous Brother did fall in Love with her, and she is since fallen a-sunder; and as we in our Country say, Fallen in

Twain

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Twain. O Sister, Sister, says he, when zealous Kirtens meet, they will play together ; for it is natural for them so to do.

54. A Gentleman of a great Estate, who it seems hated Tobacco, and hearing his eldest Son did take it, tho' not in his Presence ; he told him, If he knew that he did take Tobacco, he would disinherit him : Truly, Father, said he, They that told you so, were mistaken ; for before I will take any Tobacco, I will see it all on Fire. Sayest thou so, my Boy, says he, I will give thee 500 l. a Year the more for that.

55. A Weaver at Bourdeaux in France, dreamed one Night that he was a Cuckold ; so he went to a Priest to desire him to take his Wife's Confession, especially in that Point. Well, says the Priest to him, I will lend thee my Gown and Hood, and you shall shrive her yourself ; and it seems this very Priest had been very familiar with her, and while he was waiting for his Wife's coming, he went and told her of the Passage, and that it was her Husband in his Habit that was to shrive her ; so she comes to him, and after many impertinent Questions which he asked her, she told him she had lain only with Three Men, which was a Young Man, an Old Man, and a Friar : So he came Home, as he thought, undiscover'd ; and as he was at Work, he often repeated the Young Man, the Old Man, and the Friar : Faith, Husband, says she, I believe the Priest has told you what I confessed To-day, and I indeed do confess it ; and yet, Husband, these Three were but One : For I lay with you when you were a Young Man, and do not I lie with you now you are Old ? And were

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Not you the Friar To-day ? Therefore all these Three were you, my dear Husband. And is it so, my dear Wife ? Now thou hast given me so great Satisfaction, that I shall never have an ill Opinion of thee again : Come kiss me. Then he with Tears in his Eyes kissed her, and asked her Pardon for his former Mistrust of her, and the Friar was welcome to them. and who but the Friar, when they had any Feast. Thus you see what it is for Men to mistrust their Wives, when there is no Cause, as you see it was in this virtuous Woman.

56. A great *German* Prince that was much addicted to Drinking, had drank so much one Day, that the next Day he was very sick ; and being asked by his Fool why he was so melancholy ? He told his Sickness was occasioned by his drinking hard Yesterday : Why then, says the Fool, if that be all, I will be your Physician ; that is, If you are ill with drinking one Day, the next Day take a Hair of the same Dog. Well, says the Prince, and what the second ? The Fool told him the same again : And what the third Day ? The same too : And what the Fourth ? Why, the same. Well, come to the Purpose, says the Prince : Why, then you'll be as arrant a Fool as I am.

57. A Gallant, it seems, upon a Time, cast his Eyes upon a precise Mrs. *Temperance*, a Feather-maker's Wife, and after a little Conference, swore he would lie with her : What, says she, cannot you glance upon a modest Woman as I am, but you must covet ? Indeed, Brother, I must chide you for it. Well, says she, but that I am
tender

tender of Oaths, and would be loth to have you break yours, for the Oath's-sake, I am willing to consent to you at present ; but otherwise, I profess I would not do it if you'd give me a Thousand Pounds.

58. A Gallant once meeting in *Covent-Garden* with a handsome, and it seems, smart Lass, with her naked Breasts appearing very largely ; says he, I pray, Mistress, is that Flesh to be sold ? No, says she, no Money shall buy it. Well, says he, then let me advise you, if you will not sell, you should shut up your Shop. Faith, says she, you may be confident I shall shut you out from ever entering into any of my Doors ; but if you have, they must be wicked Doors.

59. A Fellow at a Coffee-House swore that he saw a very strange Thing done in *Suffolk* lately ; they asked him what it was ? Then he told them, A Mastiff Dog ran at a Gentleman, and he not knowing how to avoid him, first thrust his Hand into his Mouth, and after that quite through him, and caught hold of his Tail ; and being very strong, by main Force turned him the wrong Side outwards : All which he confirmed with a lusty Oath, and that he saw it done himself.

60. A Man having a very virtuous and good Housewifely Woman to his Wife, (as you will find by the Story) it seems he lost her for three or four Days ; and having searched all about for her, at last she came Home of her own Accord, and told him that she'd tell him very good News, if he would not be angry with her ; and indeed you have no Cause if you knew all ; for you know that we have a great deal of Money to pay for

Rent and other Things ; but, Husband, says she, I have got Money enough to pay every Body. How he took it, I cannot tell ; but certainly she was a good Woman, and loving to her Husband.

61. A Woman in Twenty Weeks after Marriage, was brought to Bed of a Boy : How now, says her Husband, methinks this is a little too soon. No, Husband, says she, you mistake, for we married only a little too late. Faith, and I think so too, says he ; and if ever we happen to marry again, we will be sure to marry a little sooner, or not marry at all, for this Trick. But, Husband, says she, do you not know the Custom yet of Womens going with Child ; for we go Twenty Weeks by Day, and Twenty Weeks by Night. O then, says he, I am satisfy'd.

62. A rich Simpleton was to court a pretty Maid, and when he was come to her, his Man would still be to help him out, (but I think he need not do that, for he was out enough himself :) Then she asked his Man what Estate he had ? He said, a Thousand Pounds a Year : Puh, says he, my Man's a Fool : Aye, and a Thousand, and a Thousand to that too. Then she asked him how long his Master went to School ? He said, near a Twelvemonth. He lyes, says he, I was not there half so long, for my Master did nothing but whip me, so he did. Then she asked his Man how old his Master was ? He told her, above Five and twenty. Puh, says he, I am Five and twenty, and Five and twenty, and Five and twenty too ; I think my Man is the arrantest Fool in the World. You speak for me ! I hope I have so much Wit as to speak for myself ; and I hope,

Mistress,

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Mistress, Forsooth, you will love me now, now yot have heard all my good Qualities. Yes, says she, I am willing to love you, so you will promise me never to be my Husband. Yes, Forsooth, says he, I will do any Thing to please you, so you will but love me.

63. One since the King's Restauration, meeting with one of *Oliver's* Relations in the Park, thought to put a Trick upon her, saying, Madam, your Father stinks now. Pray, Sir, let me ask you a Question, that is, Whether he be living or dead? He then told her he wa Dead. By my Troth, Sir, said she, I thought so; for if he had been living, he would have made you stink too.

64. A great Lady that lived in a Market-town in the North, was pleased to give a Fool that was kept at the Town Charge, his Diet every Day; and one Day coming about Eleven of the Clock, two of the Lady's Gentlemen were playing a Tables in the Hall, they on one Side of the Table, and a Jackanapes on the other, looking on them as they played, and as soon as it knocked to the Dresser, the Gentlemen left their Game to carry up the Dinner: Then the Ape took up the Dice in his Paw, and flung them as they did, and turned the Main about also. Says the Fool to the Ape, Come, i'faith, I'll play with thee for a Pot and a Pipe; and went to take the Dice out of his Paw: Then the Ape grinned and chatter'd at him, and still kept the Dice in his Paw, and would not throw. Then says the Fool, Throw, if thou be't a Man, throw, and offer'd to take the Dice away from him; which so incensed the Ape, that he flew upon him, and had certainly killed him, had

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not some of the Gentlemen that privately looked on, come to his Rescue; and from that Time to this, the Fool could never be got to come to the House; and when he was to pass by the House, would still go on the other Side of the Street, looking fearfully on one Side, fearing the Ape should see him, which it seems he did out of the Window, and had he not been chained, had certainly leaped down, and fell upon him, which the Fool seeing, ran away crying, as fast as he could, and left his Cap behind him for Haste; and could never be got to come through that Street again.

65. A Woman that had a good handsome young Daughter, sent her to her Landlord at New-Year's Tide, with a New-Year's Gift; and he being a lusty Batchelor, and loving a pretty Lass besides, and seeing the Maid to be handsome, with some Importunity, and some Gratuity, got her Consent, so that she proved with Child, for whose Maintenance and its Mother's he paid. Afterwards hearing of a lusty young Woman, and rich, that lived hard by him, he became a Suitor to her in Marriage, to which she easily condescended; and on the Day that they were to be Married, the other that he had got with Child before, came to the Church also to see the Wedding, with her Child in her Arms; and all the while they were in the Church, the Woman would dandle her Child up and down in her Arms; and sometimes look upon her Landlord, and sometimes on her Child, with a smiling Countenance; which the other Woman observing, told him plainly, That she would not be married, till he gave her Satisfaction concerning that Woman
and

and her Child. He put her off still with Excuses ; but at last he told her, he would tell her the Truth, if she would not take it ill. No, says she, I will not, let it be what it will. Why then, says he, I got her with Child, and that is the Child in her Arms. Puh, says she, is that all ? I had one a Twelvemonth ago by a *Londoner* that lodged at our House. Say you so, says he, then i'faith I'll marry a Whore of my own making, rather than one of another Man's ; and so he called the Woman to him that had the Child in her Arms, and married her that Instant.

66. A rich Knight in the Country, that was covetous withal, had a Daughter whose Name was *Grace*, that was very handsome, and indeed of good Humour, witty, and well bred, whom a young Man had a Kindness for ; but having no Fortune, durst not presume farther than j king ; and having heard the Knight say that he would make his Daughter worth Two Thousand Pounds, he in a Frolick comes to him, and knowing him to be covetous, told him that he knew how to save him Five Hundred Pounds in a Business ; and this young Man being a Lawyer's Clerk, therefore he thought he might discover something about wherein he might stand him in some stead, and so made him very welcome, and invited him to Dinner ; and after Dinner bid his Wife give him some Sweetmeats, and the Wet went into his Mouth, but the Dry made a Sally into his Pocket. After having filled both Belly, Pocket, and Mind with good Meat, Sweetmeats, and good Welcome, the Knight told his Wife what a good Friend he was to him, and how he knew that he

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could save him Five Hundred Pounds in a Business, which made his Wife the more earnest to know it. Being all Three sat down on the Couch together, and Mrs. *Grace* on another Chair by them, the Knight asked him wherein he could do him the Courtesy he spoke of? Why, thus I can do it, Sir, says he; I am certainly informed that you will give in Marriage with your Daughter *Grace*, Two Thousand Pounds, and I am willing to take her with Fifteen Hundred. The Knight hearing what he said, began to curse and swear; then the Gentleman thanked him for his Sweetmeats. No, says he, thank my Wife for them. But after that, for the Conceit's sake, Mrs. *Grace* had a Kindness for him, for fear of which they instantly clapped up a Match for her. But it is confidently said, that the Lawyer's Clerk (who indeed was a Gentleman) made her frequent Visits, with the Allowance of the Female; but whether of the new-married Male, I know not.

67. A Lady in this Kingdom, hearing that a Lady, that was a Person of Quality, did much long for Oysters; she sent a Footman of hers, that was an *Irishman*, to the said Lady, with a Barrel of Oysters; and as he was going, he met an arch Wag by the Way, who asked him whether he was going? Then he told him. O *Donniel*, says he, you must Gut them before you go, or else they will poison the Lady. I predded, says he, shew me how to do it. So the Fellow took them and opened them, and took out all the Oysters, and put them into a Wooden Dish that was by, and then put all the Shells again into the Barrel. Now, says he, you may carry them, for they

they are all gutted. Esait, said *Donniel*, for this Kindness, I'll give thee a Pint of Wine out of the Vails that I shall receive of the Lady.

68. A blind Man invited another blind Man to Supper: Methinks, says the blind Host, this Candle burns dim. So methinks too, says the blind Guest. Wife, says he, mend this Light, with a Pox to ye, that we may see the better to chuse our Meat. Then she being a very obedient and obliging Woman, put the Candle quite out, and presently clapped down two empty Candle-sticks upon the Table, because she knew her Husband's Feeling was good still: Now, Husband, says she, how do you like it? Aye, marry, says he, now 'tis Light indeed: Come, Neighbour, fall too, and welcome. After Supper he bid his Wife light the Guest out of Doors: Myself, you mean, says she, he's blind. Why then, you Whore, says he, has he not the more need of a Light?

69. Some Gentlemen were at *Christmass* Time at a Friend's House making merry together, and Four of the Company being at Cards together at a Table, where one was, as it were, locked in, and could not get out, without disturbing the rest of the Company: Being an arch Wag, he desired the Mistress of the House to let her Maid do him but a small Courtesie; she told him, Yes, with all her Heart. So he winked upon the Company not to laugh, nor take any Notice of his Conceit at all, but follow their Game. Then he spoke to the Girl (who was not above Fourteen Years of Age, and newly come out of the Country, and a very innocent poor Soul) and intreated her

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her that she would but do him so much Kindness (in regard he could not come forth himself) as to go into the Yard and make Water for him: With that the Girl began to blush; but her Mistress (to keep up the Humour) kept her Countenance, and said to the Girl, Hussy, if you can, go and do it for the Gentleman; for you see he can't well come out himself. Truly, Forsooth, says she, I can't indeed, for I made my Water but just now in our Back-kitchen: Which set them all a laughing, and the poor Girl a crying; but the Gentleman gave her Six-pence to pacify her.

70. A humorous Country Knight gave his Man that waited on him, this Charge, That he should never say any thing to him, but what he asked him. A little after he invited two Gentlemen to his Child's Christening; his Man accordingly went to them, and acquainted them with it. They bid him thank his Master, but let him know they were pre-engaged, and could not come that Day. The Knight stayed an Hour later than ordinary for their coming, but seeing they came not, he asked his Man if he had spoke to them? Yes, says he, but they said they could not come. You Rogue, says he, why did not you tell me so before? Why, truly Sir, says he, because you did not ask me.

71. One meeting a mad Fellow that was drunk, asked him whither he was going? Says he, I am going to the Tavern. No, says the other, that you are not; for Drunkenness is the Way to Hell, and thither you are going. Puh, says the Drunkard, you are therein much mistaken; and I never fear that, for I am so drunk, that my Legs are

not

not able to carry me so far ; and what need I go thither again, for I came from the Devil (Tavern)

72. A fair young Lady being upon Occasion at the Assizes in *Oxford*, and seeing the Sheriff, who was a very fair young Gallant, to wait upon the Judge, that was an old Man, to and fro, as there was Occasion : Her Friend asked her, If she was put to her Choice, which she had most Mind to marry, the Judge or the Sheriff? She told him, the Sheriff. Why so? says he. Why truly, says she, I do confess I love Judgment well, but I love Execution much better.

73. A Gentleman being at Dinner with some others with powder'd Beef and Mustard, he having too much Mustard at one Time on his Meat, it made him shed Tears in a plentiful manner; then an old Gentlewoman asked him, why he cried so? He told her, because his Grandmother died that Day One and twenty Years, and much about that Time of the Day. After Dinner, and the Gentleman gone, says the Gentlewoman's Maid to her Mistress, that then waited at Table, who was newly come out of the Country, Truly, Forsooth, Mistress, says she, methinks that Gentleman that dined here, was a very good-natured Man, to be concerned so much for the Death of his Grandmother, that died so many Years ago.

74. A Fellow being adjudged to lose his Ears, for some notorious Crime, and being in Prison, was visited (though not sick) by some Friends, three or four Days before he was to suffer; the Visitants fell into a Dispute about the Loss of his Ears. One said the Ears were to be cut off by the Root, another said only the Tip; and they grew

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grew so hot upon this Argument, that they fell together by the Ears ; which the Prisoner seeing, intreated them to be patient, for he told them within a Week he should be able to resolve them the Doubt.

75. A discreet motherly Woman being with her Husband, and other Neighbours, invited to a Knight's House, which was their Landlord, in the Country ; as they were going out of the Hall into the Parlour, there was a Jackanapes fasten'd by a Chain at the Parlour-door, and as all the Tenants came in, he would have a pluck and fling at them ; which this worthy Woman seeing, very discreetly asked the Usher of the Hall, what that young Gentleman was, and what his Name was ? He told her it was a Jackanapes : Then she very mannerly coming to go in, makes a very reverent Curtsey, and says, By your Leave, Mr. Jackanapes. The Ape hearing her speak to him, began to chatter to her, and to pluck her more than the rest ; at which she began to be offended, and told him, Let him be who he will, yet he was an ill-bred Man, thus to affront an honest Woman, who has been these Twenty Years a Midwife in the Parish ; and my Husband, I'd have you to know, was Constable within these Three Years. The Knight told her, what he did was but in Jest, and he should do it no more ; and so he was removed from the Parlour-door.

76. A Woman going to her Husband's Funeral with several of her Neighbours, a Man among them, which was of the Parish too, came and whisper'd her in the Ear, as she was going to Church ; which when the Company saw, they thought.

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thought it was a Business of some great Concern ; but indeed it was to wooe her. Sir, says she, I thank you very kindly for your good Will, and do like you well enough, and am very sorry also you came too late ; for I'll assure you, I was made sure to another Yesterday.

77. A Scholar in *Oxford* hired a Horse of an *Oxford* Man for 2 s. a Day, and did engage, that if the Horse came to any Disaster, he would pay him the Price of him, which he said was 6 l. but after many sendings to and fro, it seems he did still remember to forget to pay him. The Scholar having some Occasion to go to *London*, was there met by a Bailiff, who very ingeniously said to him, Sir, I arrest you for a Horse. The more Fool you, says he, do I look like a Horse ? Why then, says he, I do arrest you. Truly, says he, I thank you for that, for I am very weary with walking. Sir, says he, I do tell you I do arrest you for Money. Why, I know that, says he, for you won't do it without Money I am sure. At last, says he, You Bailiffs are very idle Fellows. Why so ? says he ; Because, says the Scholar, you still are resting ; yet I must confess, sometimes you take a great deal of Pains in it.

78. A Gentleman that used to be smart in his Repartees, once had in his Hat a very gallant and rich Knot, or Favour of Gold and Silver Ribbon ; which some young Ladies had a Mind to, if they get it handsomely without begging of it. So one of them said to him, Sir, you have a very fine Favour in your Hat ; and so they said all. Pray, Madam, says he to the first, tell me truly, Do you like it ? Yes, indeed, Sir, says she. Why then,

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then, says he, if you had not liked it, I would have flung it into the Fire ; but since you say you like it, I protest I like it better, and am resolved to keep it for your Sake

79. A Man that had been terribly troubled in Law-suits, went one Day to *Tyburn*, to see the Execution, and then swore, 'Twas better to have to do with *Tyburn*, than *Westminster-Hall* ; for there Suits hang half a Year, but at *Tyburn*, half an Hour's hanging ends all.

80. A Man being very much diseased and weak, was bemoaning himself to his only Son, whom he loved very well : For, *Jack*, says he, if I stand, my Legs ach ; if I kneel, my Knees ach ; if I go, my Feet ach ; if I lie, then my Back aches ; if I sit, my Hips ach ; and if I lean, my Elbows ach. Why truly Father, says he (like a good dutiful Child) I advise you to hang yourself for an Hour or two, and if that does not do, then come to me again.

81. A deaf Man was selling of Pears at the Town's End in *St. Giles's*, and a Gentleman riding out of Town, asked him what it was o'Clock ? He said, Ten a Penny, Master. Then he asked him again, what it was o'Clock ? He told him, Indeed he could afford no more. You Rogue, says the Gentleman, I'll kick you about the Streets. Then says the Man, Sir, if you won't, another will.

82. A Gentleman that was accounted a Philosopher, and a Man of slow Speech also, had a very great Desire to be dabling with a pretty young Woman, a Vintner's Widow, of a smart Wit : Then he called for a Bottle of Sack, and
sent

sent for her, but she came not ; and another, but she came not ; but after the third, up she came, and two or three more with her. After sitting a pretty while with him, he asked what was to pay ? Answer was made, An Angel ; that is Ten Shillings in our Country, says she. Methinks, says he, the Word Angel had been better, because it came from you : Come, Sir, says she, since you you say so, we'll have some Mirth before we part. Then she told them there was a Creature that spoke but once, and when it died, it went neither to Heaven nor Hell. He could not tell the Meaning of it ; she told him it was *Balaam's Ass*, for an Angel open'd his Mouth, but I think we must have two to open yours ; and I am sure there is but one Angel in yet. Come, Boy, give us more Sack, which will be the only Way to bring the other Angel to open his Mouth.

83. A Man and his Wife that formerly had lived well together, grew to be poor, and both of them loved the Pot well. It happen'd that a Friend of hers met her and gave her 6 *d.* so she came Home with Joy to her Husband, saying to him, What shall we have, my dear Husband ? for we are rich now. Wife, says he, 'tis your own, do what you please with it. Why then, says she, let me see, we will have ; stay, we will have, now I think on't, a Groats-worth of Bread, and Two-penny-worth of Drink. Do what you will, Sweet-heart, says he, 'tis your own. Then she goes out of Doors, and comes back again, saying, No, now I think on't, Husband, we will have Four-penny-worth of Drink, and Two-pennyworth of Bread. Do what you please, my Dear, it is your own.

Out

44 *Coffee-House* JESTS:

Out she goes again, but comes in presently ; Oh ! Husband, says she, now I think better on't, I am resolv'd to have Five-pennyworth of Drink, and a Pennyworth of Bread. Do what you please, my Dear, says he, for 'tis your own. Then out she goes, and comes immediately back again ; I am now fully resolv'd to have it all in Drink, and beg a Toast of them. O dear Wife, says he, now thou hast won my Heart for ever: Come, I'll give thee a Buss, but be sure to let us have it quickly. Well, Sweet-heart, says he, how happy it was that thou wentest out To-day.

84. A Gentleman lately walking in the *Strand*, was followed by a lusty Beggar, who craved his Benevolence ; he told him, he'd give him nothing : Still he urg'd him ; he bid him be gone, and trouble him no more. Then he importuned him the more ; Sirrah, says he, you Rogue, I'll not give you a Farthing. Pray, Sir, says the Fellow, let me speak but one Word to you. What's that, says he, That your Worship would but produce me a Whore. Why, you Rogue, says he, do I look like a Pander ? No, Sir, said he, but there's a Wise Man has said, That a Whore will bring a Man to a Morsel of Bread, which I should be glad of ; for I profess, Sir, I have seen none these three Days ; which Conceit of his procured him a Shilling, and then the Gentleman went away. Well, says the Fellow, I see that a Whore has a great Influence upon some Men, when but the Name of a Whore has now got me a Shilling : I did love them pretty well formerly, but now I shall love them better, so long as I live.

85. A

85. A drunken Fellow one Night was taking a Pipe of Tobacco, and being so reeling ripe, he could not hit the Candle with his Pipe to light it, which he finding, took up the Candle in his Hand, and at last put the Pipe into the Candlestick, instead of the Candle, and then put the Candle into his Mouth, instead of the Pipe; and after he had sucked a pretty while, and finding no Smoke come, but the sweet Tallow melting in his Mouth, he swore a great Oath, that the Pipe-maker had not burnt it, for it was a perfect Clay still: And therein he said true (for how could the Candle be burnt, when it was whole and unburnt?) And this Rogue of a Pipe-maker, says he, has forgot to make a Hole in it too: A Pox on't, says he, I might have sucked it long enough, and so flung it away.

86. A Country Fellow coming into *London*, had a broken Groat in his Pocket, and came to a Goldsmith's Shop, and pulling off his Hat very low, did desire of the 'Prentice that he would give him a little Piece of Silver, as big as a Hazel-Nut, to solder it again; and when you come into our Country, says he, I'll give you a Piece of Lead shall be ten Times as big. The 'Prentice told him, he had something else to do. What a Pox, says he, do you keep open Shop for, if you won't part with any of your Goods? Says the other, My Goods will prove but bad, if I should part with them in this manner.

87. Some *Frenchmen* seeing a Man stand stock-still in the Highway, in the midst of the Rain, asked him, Why he stood so? Why, says he, Do ye think I am mad, to ride in the Rain as you do?

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88. A Company of merry Wags were got together at a Club, among which were banded to and fro many smart Repartees; but one among the Company, that thought himself a great Wit, and indeed I think so too; for one asked him very seriously, Whether he thought he was his own Mother's Son? Truly, says he, Gentlemen, I am not certain, but I believe I am; for you know, that are Wits, 'tis a hard Question. Then he was asked by another, Whether he thought he was his Father's Son? Faith, says he, I cannot well tell; but for ought I know I am; for how can I be sure of that? Upon which they all fell a laughing. Why, Gentlemen, says he, very discreetly, 'Tis a wise Child that knows his own Father.

89. An Old Woman that had never seen a Jackanapes in her Life before, and coming to *Bedford* Market, saw one riding on a Dog's Back, and the Dog running away with him: Says she, I am afraid that young Gentleman will fall by-and-by, he rides so fast; and when she saw he did not, then she cried out, Well rid. young Gentleman; well rid, young Gentleman; in Truth, he's a good Horseman.

90. An Old Man bringing his Son to be catechised at *Easter*, the Minister thought the Old Man needed more Instruction than his Son, and asked him, who made him? The Old Man said, He had forgot, 'twas so long since he was made. Says the Minister, 'Tis a Shame for you at these Years, to let your Child know more than yourself. I think not indeed, says he, for he was but lately made, and 'tis above Fourscore Years since I was made. Well, says the Minister, How many Com-

mandments

Being a Merry Companion. 47

mandments there were? He said, he thought about Four or Five. Fye, says the Minister, there's Ten. Faith, says he, I thought you'd bring 'em to Ten, because you'd have the Tythe. Why, Old Man, says the Minister, I tell thee again, there's Ten. Why then, says he, there's a goodly Company of 'em. Well, Friend, says he, How many Sacraments are there? Why, says the Old Man, there is Four. Which are they, says the Minister? Why, there's *Chrismas*, *Easter*, *Whitsuntide*, and out Wake: And so went out of Doors, as taking it for an Affront to be catechised at that Age; and well he might, for you see he understood well enough what he said.

91. A notorious but cunning Thief, being arraigned before a Judge for a great Crime, the Judge asked him, what Answer he made to his Accusation? Truly, my Lord, says he, I find 'tis a foul Matter, and I desire to hear no more on't: For which being reprov'd for his impudent Sawciness, he swore he would bind the Judge over to the Peace, because he stood in Fear of his Life by his Means. Well, says the Judge, you shan't sleep in Peace To-night for that Conceit; and so commanded that he should be laid in Irons. Pray, my Lord, says he, let me go about my Business, for I never wronged you in my Life, and therefore you have nothing to do with me; for I am going to receive some Money to pay my Debts; for I owe my Landlord, and several others a great deal of Money, and they will arrest me as I go by in the Cart; and I would willingly pay my Debts before I am hanged; and I think that is the Part of an honest Man, tho' it may be you don't think so.

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92. Another Time a Thief was going to the Gallows out of a Town, near *Norwich*, and many Boys were running to see the Execution; which he seeing, called to them, saying, Boys, you need not make such Haste, for there will be no Sport till I come. What! says a Man, Is there but one to be hanged? I will go home again. Do you hear Friend, says he, you need not go Home, for if you like it so well, pray come and supply my Place, for I can afford you a good Pennyworth on't.

93. A Country Woman sent her Son three or four Miles off to her Landlord's House with a New-Year's Gift, upon New-Year's-Day, where the Boy was never before; and being in the Kitchen, he there saw a Dog turning of the Spit, which was it seems, a strange Thing to the Boy; so he stood loitering to stare upon that, and other fine Things which he saw there, that he stayed, it seems, longer than ordinary; for which his Mother beat him lustily when he came Home. Oh! Mother, says he, if you had been there, you would have stayed as long as I; for it would have done your Heart good to see how a Dog in a Wheel did spin Roast-meat: Nay, Mother, he did reel too, that is when he was weary, which was much, Mother, to see a Dog spin and reel: I am sure 'twas more than our Maid *Joan* could do, when she came to you first. Now, Mother, I hope I have satisfied you, and when I go thither again, if I should stay long, pray, Mother, don't beat me again.

94. A Drunkard having but one of his Eyes left with Drinking, was warned by the Physicians

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to leave off Tipling, or else he lose the other Eye also : Faith, says he, I care not if I do ; for I do confess ingeniously, I have seen enough, but I have not drank enough.

95. Another reverend Drunkard having spent about Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year in Drink ; nay, was so much addicted to it, that he counted all those his Enemies that did persuade him against yet one took the Boldness upon him to upbraid him for such Extravagancy. Puh, says he, what you thrust in at one Ear, goes out at the other. Nay, I'll tell you more than I am persuaded you know, for I have also spent above Ten Thousand Pounds in ready Cash in Drink besides, and yet I have not drank enough, Boys :

*For Drinking, that will make one Fat,
And brisk as a Cat, or Mouse, or Rat ;
And when I ha't it makes me chat,
Like a little Brat that sits on the Mat.*

96 An Old Man being to swear in a Cause before a Judge, the Judge bid him beware that he did not forswear himself ; and told him if he did, he might be confident the Devil would have him : Truly, my Lord, says he, I hope the Devil will have nothing to do with me, for I have given him my eldest Son already, and I hope he will content himself with him, for I think one out of a Family is enough for him. Then the Judge bid him explain himself more clearly : Why truly, my Lord, says he, I have made my eldest Son a Lawyer, and I believe that all of that Profession go to the Devil ; for the Devil himself, you know it is
C said,

said, was a Lawyer from the Beginning. A Liar you mean, says the Judge. Why, says he, a Lawyer and a Liar is all one, I hope; or else we are all mistaken in our Opinions.

97. A crafty Fellow being extremely in Debt, and being threatned by his Creditors, that they would have him if he was above Ground, got self into a Cellar, and there lay with the Tapster; and being reprov'd for so doing, he told them, There was no Fear of their catching him there, because it was under Ground; and then they durst not break their Oaths, because they swore they would have him above Ground.

98. A Mayor of a Town in this Kingdom, that had been a Cavalier, and when the King was restored, began a Health to the King upon his Knees, purposely to fetch a Fanatick Alderman down upon his: But the Alderman (being a crafty Man) contrary to all Mens Expectation, pledged it with seeming Zeal on both his Knees. At which the Mayor wondered, (and was much concerned that he did not begin it on both his Knees also) and asked him, why he did not do as he began it, on one Knee, but must do it on both Knees? Why truly, Mr. Mayor, says he, one Knee was in Honour of the King, and the other was to ask God Forgiveness for so doing. What, says he, d'ye ask God Forgiveness for doing the King Honour? No, says he, not for that, but because I pledged a Health on that which I confess I ought to pray on.

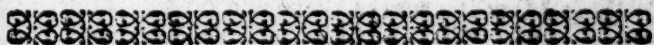
99. There is an University in *France*, where a Man may commence Doctor for Money, tho' he be utterly unlearned. It happen'd that an ignorant

German

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German came thither, and having (for his better Progress in his Degree he hoped to take) invited the Doctor of the Chair to Supper; the *German* being a little fluster'd, asked the Doctor, if he would take Money to make his Horse a Doctor too? Yes, says he, I may make a Horse a Doctor, as well as an Ass; and so by Consequence, your Horse, as well as yourself.

100. Two Gentlemen standing together, a very beautiful Woman passed by; upon which one of them said, There goes the handsomest Woman that ever I saw. She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, I wish I could in way of Requitall, say as much by you. Faith, says he, so you may, and lye as I did.



Here follows some probable Stories, told by several Persons in a Room together.

101. **A** Gentleman in *North Wales*, was standing on a Sun-shiny Day, upon a high Rock near the Sea-side in those Parts; and as he was looking about, he saw an Island some Four Miles from the Shore, oo thereabouts, on which Island he espied Two Hares playing one with another. Well, says he, are you got over there now? I am sure I coursed you both Yesterday with my Two Grey-hounds, and then you shewed me a Trick; but now I will shew you one. So he went immediately Home, and fetched his Two Grey-hounds and a great Mortar-piece which he had, of a

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Thousand Pounds Weight, which he fasten'd between the Two Dogs Necks; but he was forced to fasten a Cord to it also, lest the Dogs might run away with it; and when they had carried it to the Rock aforesaid, he charged the Mortar-piece, and presently the Two Grey-hounds slip't into it, (for it seems they had been used to it) which Two Grey-hounds he rammed in very well, and then discharged the Mortar-piece with no Hurt at all to the Grey-hounds (for you must know he shot with White Powder) and so it happen'd, that, says he, I protest t'ye, Gentlemen (upon my honest Word and Credit, 'tis true) that the Two Grey-hounds each alighted upon a Hare as they were playing, and then killed them, and immediately left the Island, and swam through the Sea with the Hares in their Mouths, which were one boiled, and the other roasted for my Dinner. Then one of the Company asked him, What Colour his Grey-hounds were? He swore they were both Black before, but the White Powder did so change their Colour, that they were both turned Grey; and so from them, all of their Kind were called Grey-hounds for their Sake, to this Day. They told him, They thought this probable enough to be improbable. O! Gentlemen, says he, far be it from to tell you a Lye; for if you won't believe me, pray ask the Dogs.

102. Another was saying, That once upon a Time, it was his Fortune to be in *Hyde-Park*, where he saw several Races run; and at length, said he, I undertook to run a Race with my little Galloway Nag, with another of the same Size, a Race of a Mile long, for Five Pounds; and just

as we were riding with full Speed, he that rode with me rode on the Right-hand, and so passed by a Coach ; but my poor Galloway seeing he could not pass for the Coach (and being a cunning Jade) and unwilling that his Master should lose, for he thought he should fare the worse for it at Night ; presently cast me off his Back, and leaped quite through the Coach himself (notwithstanding it went a great Pace) but it was done so nimbly and so dextrously, that all admired ; and so well it was order'd, that just as he came through the Coach, he caught me directly on his Back again on the other Side of the Coach, and though it was done so hastily, yet the other got Ground of us ; but my Horse so handled his Legs, that without Switch or Spur I won the Wager. Now, says he, shew me such a Galloway Nag in *England* again. Then they all told him, 'twas very much, and more than they could have believed, if he had not told it.

103. Another swore, That he in his Travels round about the World, which he had encompassed Three Times and an Half in Seven Years Time, but could not finish the other Half because he fell sick, and so was forced to return back again ; and in his Return he came into a King's Court, but I cannot for my Life remember the Place, because I have been in so many ; and there, says he, I saw a Lute of a very great Bigness, and Thirty Ells long, bating only Three Inches, and Three broad, and swore that the least String upon it was bigger than his Thumb. Then they asked him how it possibly could be played on ? He told them, That a Man and his Wife that were Giants (of which there's Abundance in that Country) had

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Two large Iron Bows, made each with Eight Feet like Grid-irons, with which he and his dear Consort (which I think is the best Name for her now, in regard of that Musick) scrap'd o'er the Strings; that is, she on the Treble Part, and he on the Bass, whilst Eight great Mastiff Dogs ran up and down the Frets of the Lute, with their bare Feet, and stopp'd directly in Tune as they play'd; (but you must conceive that these Dogs were bred up to it, or else it were a Thing impossible) to the Admiration of all Strangers that were there; and the Case of that Lute served for a Kennel for Eight Dogs to lie in: But it seems it is common with them there, for they made nothing of it; and this he made good by whole Volleys of thundering Oaths.

104. Another Gallant swore likewise (for it seems they were all guilty of Swearing to confirm their Stories, or else it is possible that few of them would be believed) that as he was Fishing in *Germany* in the great River *Rhine*, where he saw an infinite Number of Fish of all Sorts, and a Fisherman of that Country, which he saw draw up with his Net an Eel, that was far bigger than the May-Pole in the *Strand* at the Bottom; which they at first thought to be a Lye. He having Occasion to go into the Yard, they asked his Man (who indeed was very sober and discreet) Whether it was true of the Eel's being as big as the May-Pole in the *Strand* at the Bottom? Truly, Oentlemen, says he, I then stood nearer than my Master, which makes him a little mistake, for I think in good Truth it was scarce so big, but swore that it was full as long. This made them cry him up with a Hum,

Hum, and presently said, it is possible : And good Reason they had I think, because he had a Witness to prove it there, who spoke as true as himself.

105. Another said, That in the Wars in *Germany* between the *Swedes* and them, there was so great a Frost one Winter, that Two Men desiring to talk with one another, and one being on one Side of the River, and t'other on the other ; as they spoke one to another, the Frost was so great, that it Froze up their Words, which were not audible then, nor indeed (upon my Reputation) could not be heard till Nine Days after, when it chanced to Thaw : Which one of the Company hearing, said, It was a brave Country to speak Treason in ; for whatsoever a Man said could not be heard. Nay, says the other, The very Lowings of the Bulls and Cows were Frozen up also, so that the Owners had much ado to find them to Fodder them, for want of hearing them as formerly. Nay, by your Favour, says another, There is another Country which had as great a Conveniency to speak Treason in, as that had, from 1648, to 1660 ; and there one might speak any Sort of Treason, and never be called to an Account for it : Nay, the more they spoke, they were the better esteemed ; so that there was no need of a Frost at that Time in *England* for that Use.

106. A Woman accidentally coming into the Room where they were, and hearing them speak of that Frost in *Germany*, told them some such Stories ; but when she saw the Company began to scruple the Truth of them, (which I wonder they

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did,

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did, if they consider but her following Discourse) then she up and told them, That her dear and loving Husband (Peace be with him !) was in that great Frost out late one Night, which truly, Gentlemen, I believe was the Occasion of his Death ; tho' he linger'd Fourteen or Fifteen Years after it. He, I say, riding that Night, came to a Common where was Store of very great Coal-pits, insomuch that he fell down to the Bottom of one of them, and his Horse fell directly upon him ; that it was impossible at that Time of Night, and in such Weather, for him to be relieved in that great Distress. Having lain so for a long Time, and seeing no Hopes to be relieved at all, he presently beinought himself, and immediately rose and went to the next Village, and there borrowed a Pick-Axe and Spade, and then came back with them to the Pit, and first digged out himself, and then his Horse ; and so about Five o'Clock in the Morning came Home, but so weary and so cold, that he could not unbutton his Doublet. Nay, said she, after I had helped him off with his Cloaths, he was so benumbed, that I was forced to fetch a Warming-pan of hot Coals, and so went all over his Body ; yet was he so cold, that he scarce felt it, tho' the Warming-pan stood a pretty while together in one Place ; which truly, Gentlemen, I was fain to do for my dear Husband. This confirm'd them in their Belief that it was as true as any of the rest, and gave her Thanks for it also. So she made them half a Dozen reverend Curtsies, and bid them Good-by.

107. Another said, That he had heard all their Stories, and did think at first that some of them had
been

been untrue; but now, says he, I am better satisfied, and I will tell what I know upon my own Knowledge. I was once in some Company, where I heard one of them say, that in his Knowledge a Raven would live an Hundred Years; so the next Day I went and bought me one, purposely to make Tryal, and put him into a Cage, and taught him to sing; and I think in my Conscience, no Bird but a Raven could sing like him. Well, says he, I kept this Bird above an Hundred Years; nay, if I should say Two Hundred, I should not lie, (and fed him all the Time myself) yet I could never make him speak as a Starling does for my Life. At last being very tame, I turned him out of the Cage, and put him into a Room where I had only a Goose, but never a Gander for her. I know not how it happen'd, but the Raven and the Goose fell in League together (for you must know 'twas a Cock Raven) and the Raven took her, and she brought Ten young One, all coloured half Black and half White, and those Five which were Black towards the Head, cry'd just like a Raven; and those that were White towards the Head, cry'd like Geese. I eat one of those that were Black towards the Head, and if you believe me, I have had ever since such a strange croaking in my Stomach, especially if I chance to see any Carrion, that 'tis a great Disturbance to me. Nay, one of my Neighbours, upon some Occasion, call'd my Wife Carrion; and tho' I did not love her before, yet ever since I have had a great Kindness for her. Then they told him, that the Strangeness of this Story made it true, and the Proverb makes it good, that is, *'Tis not so strange as true.*

108. Another of this Crew came in with his Story too, which they thought improbable, till he gave them evident Demonstration of the Truth of it, and that was this : He said he was one Winter about Seven Years since in *Lincolnshire*, near the Fens, where there is always great Store of all Sorts of Wild Fowls, but especially of Ducks and Mallard, which made me take my Gun ; and when I came near to a Hedge, they were very thick on t'other Side, upon which I presently discharged my Gun, and killed at one Shot Three Hundred and Twenty-five, and I think I wounded a great Number also. Then they wonder'd how he could kill so many at one Shot ; he told them, that there were near Four Hundred Holes in the Barrel of his Gun, so big that Shot might easily pass thro' them ; and at the Discharge of the Gun, every Shot went out at its own Hole, and killed so many as I told you, I am certain ; nay, I had killed many more, if they had lain a little closer. Then they asked him, how he got them Home ? He told them, he went Home first and fetch'd a Horse, which was loaded Three Times Home with them, besides what he carried on his Shoulders ; and they were all as White as the driven Snow. They said it was very much indeed, and very many to be killed at one Time.

109. In *Ireland* a Bag-piper coming for *England* with a Knap-sack on his Shoulder, as he was sitting at Dinner in a Wood, Three Wolves began to accost him ; then he threw one Bread, and another Meat, and still they crept nearer to him : Upon which, being afraid, he took his Bag-pipes and began to play, at which Noise the Wolves ran away.

away. A Pox take you, says he, if I had known you had loved Musick so well, you should have had it before Dinner.

110. A Gentlewoman and her Maid being to get up some Cloaths against *Chrismas-Day*, had so delayed the Time to the very Eve, that she herself, her Maid, and a hired Washer-woman, were all little enough to dispatch them. On the Eve therefore, betimes in the Morning, they fell to work; and at Breakfast, Here, says the Mistress to her Maid, fetch a Quart of Ale. Why, Mistress, if you please, said the Washer-woman, I will join my Penny, and we may have Three Pints. And I will join mine too, if you please, said the Maid, and we will have Two Quarts. Well then, said the Mistress, bring Three Quarts, we shall work the better, so there's my Groat: Then fell these Three jolly Washer-women to tosse it, and tipples it so long, till it lay raw upon their Stomachs, forsooth; and then it came into the Maid's Head, that a little Brandy would do very well to take away that Rawness, and therefore offer'd her Penny towards it; the hired Woman was right, and offer'd hers: And here's my Twopence, said the Mistress. Oh! said the Maid, here's a Penny too much, what shall we do? Why, you and I, said the Washer-woman, will put our Pence a-piece more, and then we shall have half a Pint. Thus they fell to the Brandy, and at last truly, the Mistress found herself very sleepy, and would needs go lye on the Bed, to take a little Nap to refresh herself; the Maid something drowsy, followed after her; and the poor Woman in the Kitchen, taking the Advan age, stretched her-

self out by the Fire. Thus they lay fast till next Morning, when the Maid awaking, arose, and found the Woman sleeping in the Kitchen, and the Fire out; then running to her Neighbour's to light some Charcoal to kindle the Fire, lest her Mistress should be angry, she found the Roast Beef on the Spit, and great Preparations for something extraordinary; so she asked the Maid, who dined with them that Day, that they made such great Provision? Why, says she, 'tis *Christmas Day*. The Maid astonished, ran to acquaint her Mistress, yet could scarce persuade her of the Truth, till the Bell Tolded to Church, and took away her doubting.

111. A Gentleman that had bred up a young Colt, and had taught him many pretty Pieces of Activity, but one among the rest was, that of Leaping so well, that no Ditch or Hedge, tho' never so broad or deep, but he whipt over it. Nay, an ordinary House was nothing to him, or small Country Church also; but yet could never leap over the Steeple. It happen'd that the Gentleman having Occasion to ride Abroad on him, came to a River that was about Twenty Yards wide, which you'll say was very broad; yet this poor Beast leaped with him to the very Brick of the other Side, and there by Chance lighted upon a Stump of a Tree, which ran into his Belly; which the Master seeing alighted, and so left the poor Beast in that Condition, yet would not kill him, and so went away. About Six Months after, this Gentleman was riding that Way with his Man, as they rode, says the Master, Don't you see something move yonder? Yes, says he, I think I see a Tree go; and

Being a Merry Companion. 61

and coming near to it, they put aside all the Boughs, and there espyed his late Horse, which he thought had dyed there: So they cut off the Boughs, which were as many as would load almost Three Carts, and then took the poor Beast Home, and cured him of all but the Stump of the Tree, which was in his Belly. But some that heard him tell it, thought it savour'd too much of the Legend: Why, said he, if you won't believe me, ask my Man, who knows it as well as I, and shall swear it too, if you please.

112 A lusty Widow about Forty-five Years old, yet it seems had a Mind to another Husband, and she lived about Four Miles from *High Wickham*, a Market-Town in *Buckinghamshire*; and having one Market-Day sent her Maid to the Market at *Wickham* about some Business, the Maid it seems stayed longer than ordinary Abroad. When she came Home, her Mistress asked her, What was the Cause of her staying so long at Market? I profess I'll bang your Coat for it. Pray Mistress, Forsooth, says she, hear me speak first, and I don't doubt but to give you Satisfaction. Come, you Jade, speak quickly then. Why, Forsooth, says she, there was the finest Proclamation that ever I heard in my Life. What Proclamation, you Queen? speak quickly. Why, Forsooth, That every Woman that had a little Mouth, should have Two Husbands. With that the Widow being very much pleased with the News, began to purle and draw up her sweet Mouth, saying, Oh, 'twas a pretty Proclamation, a brave Proclamation, an excellent Proclamation. Aye, but Forsooth, says he, I'll tell you more News than all this: There

was

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self out by the Fire. Thus they lay fast till next Morning, when the Maid awaking, arose, and found the Woman sleeping in the Kitchen, and the Fire out; then running to her Neighbour's to light some Charcoal to kindle the Fire, lest her Mistress should be angry, she found the Roast Beef on the Spit, and great Preparations for something extraordinary; so she asked the Maid, who dined with them that Day, that they made such great Provision? Why, says she, 'tis *Christmas Day*. The Maid astonished, ran to acquaint her Mistress, yet could scarce persuade her of the Truth, till the Bell Tolded to Church, and took away her doubting.

111. A Gentleman that had bred up a young Colt, and had taught him many pretty Pieces of Activity, but one among the rest was, that of Leaping so well, that no Ditch or Hedge, tho' never so broad or deep, but he whipt over it. Nay, an ordinary House was nothing to him, or small Country Church also; but yet could never leap over the Steeple. It happen'd that the Gentleman having Occasion to ride Abroad on him, came to a River that was about Twenty Yards wide, which you'll say was very broad; yet this poor Beast leaped with him to the very Brink of the other Side, and there by Chance alighted upon a Stump of a Tree, which ran into his Belly; which the Master seeing alighted, and so left the poor Beast in that Condition, yet would not kill him, and so went away. About Six Months after, this Gentleman was riding that Way with his Man, as they rode, says the Master, Don't you see something move yonder? Yes, says he, I think I see a Tree go; and

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and coming near to it, they put aside all the Boughs, and there espyed his late Horse, which he thought had dyed there: So they cut off the Boughs, which were as many as would load almost Three Carts, and then took the poor Beast Home, and cured him of all but the Stump of the Tree, which was in his Belly. But some that heard him tell it, thought it savour'd too much of the Legend: Why, said he, if you won't believe me, ask my Man, who knows it as well as I, and shall swear it too, if you please.

112 A lusty Widow about Forty-five Years old, yet it seems had a Mind to another Husband, and she lived about Four Miles from *High Wickham*, a Market-Town in *Buckinghamshire*; and having one Market-Day sent her Maid to the Market at *Wickham* about some Business, the Maid it seems staid longer than ordinary Abroad. When she came Home, her Mistress asked her, What was the Cause of her staid so long at Market? I profess I'll bang your Coat for it. Pray Mistress, Forsooth, says she, hear me speak first, and I don't doubt but to give you Satisfaction. Come, you jade, speak quickly then. Why, Forsooth, says she, there was the finest Proclamation that ever I heard in my Life. What Proclamation, you Quean? speak quickly. Why, Forsooth, That every Woman that had a little Mouth, should have Two Husbands. With that the Widow being very much pleased with the News, began to pout and draw up her sweet Mouth, saying, Oh, 'twas a pretty Proclamation, a brave Proclamation, an excellent Proclamation. Aye, but Forsooth, says he, I'll tell you more News than all this: There was

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was another Proclamation: What was that, says the Widow? Why, Forsooth, those that have a wide Mouth shall have Three Husbands. With that she began to widen her lovely Mouth, saying, Whaw, whaw, whaw, what a brave Proclamation is that indeed! And so every Day after enlarged her Mouth by Degrees, that her Neighbours might take Notice of it; and so gave in her Name to the next Justice accordingly.

113. A Gentleman that lived in the Country, in the *Christmas* Holidays, as many others do, did invite his Tenants to Dinner or Supper; and one Day being at Dinner, and seeing the Pigs long a bringing (and being a very passionate Man also) asked his Wife, What was become of the Two Pigs? She told him, They would come presently, and prayed him to be patient. With that he began to curse and swear, That he did believe he should never see his Two Spits again. His Wife asked him, Why he said so? Because, says he, I do believe the Pigs are run away with them; for I saw them with the Spits in their Mouths Two Hours ago.

113. A great Nobleman that was accounted mad by all that came near him, but yet had a great deal of Craft withal; one Day having got a great rusty Horse-nail in his Hand, he made those in the House believe he had eat it. With that all the Physicians far and near were sent for; and after a long and serious Consultation together, some said, It was good to send it out by way of Purgation; others said, They'd dissolve it in the Body, and yet it should do him no Hurt. He sitting by, and hearing all their Discourse, told them, They
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were all Fools and Mountebanks: For, says he, Could not you have applied a Load-stone to my Breech, and that would have drawn it out; for that attracts all Iron to it.

114. A very covetous Tradesman had a Mind to be married, and yet was afraid for fear of the Charge of having Children too fast; at last he resolved to marry, and agreed with his Wife before Marriage, that they would lie together but once a Month: And says he, I intend to get every Month a Joint from Head to Foot of the Child, so by that Means we shall not have too many Children; but I do it for this Reason, to ease thee in bringing of them up. After Marriage, it seems he lay with her the first Night; and I know not how it came about, but at Forty Weeks End she was brought to Bed of a brave Boy, perfectly formed every Way. Why, how now, Wife, says he, this is not according to my Expectation? Yes, says he, but I may thank my good Neighbours, or else, for ought I know, we might have had a deformed Child.

115. A bold Cavalier passing by *Ludgate*, in *Oliver's* Time one Night, was examined by the Constable and the Watch, what he was? He told them he was a Man. Who do you serve, says the Constable? I serve, says he, the King. But as they were sending him to Prison, he told them, he served his Highness the Lord Protector. O! I cry you Mercy, says the Constable, why did you not say so before? Because, says he, I thought you had loved the King better than my Lord Protector; if you don't, says he, I am sure you ought to be whipt; and so whipt out at the Wicket

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Wicket and ran away, or else they had carried him to *Bridewell* and there whipped him.

116. A Youth passing by the Watch late at *Temple-Bar* one Night also, the Constable asked him what he was? Why, says he, a Boy, don't you see? Who do you serve, says the Constable? Why, the King, says the Boy. Says the Constable, So do we; is that all? Do you serve No body else? Away with him to the *Compter*. At length he told him that he was a Page to Mr. *Baxter* at Court. O! says the ingenious Constable, Are you Page to the Back-stairs at Court? Go your ways Home, for I won't stop any of the King's Servants. No, says the Boy, how can you stop them, unless you find where they run out?

117. At a Market-Town in *Yorkshire*, there lived a Quaker, that was a Barber, and the Minister of the Parish came to him for Twenty Shillings for Tythes belonging to his Parsonage. The Quaker told him he owed him no e, nor none he would pay him. The Parson told him, it was his Due, and if he would not pay him by fair Means, he'd get it by foul. The Quaker asked him, for what it was due? He told him, for Preaching and Reading Divine Service, and other Ministerial Duties in the Church. Why, says the Quaker, I never came there. You might, if you would, said the Parson, the Door stands open. A little after, the Quaker hearing that he was suing him for the Money, enters an Action also against the Parson for Twenty Shillings; when the Parson came to hear it, and went and asked him how he came to owe him Twenty Shillings? He told him, for Trimming. Why, says the Minister, I never was in your

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your Shop in my Life : You might if you would, says the Quaker, for the Door stands open.

118 An *Oxonian* meeting with a Rhodomantade in *London*, who it seems swore he would take the Wall of all that he met ; the Scholar thinking no Harm, was going between the Wall and him ; with that the Ruffler began to thrust him back, and told him, He did not use to give every Coxcomb the Wall. No, says the Scholar ; what Good will the Wall do you without the House ? But, says the other, I mean, I don't use to give every Fool the Wall. But, Sir, said the Scholar, I do, and am very glad of the Opportunity to serve you ; and so he let him have it, and marched away, and the other also went away very well satisfied, thinking he had put an Affront upon the Scholar.

119 A natural Fool that served a Knight in this Kingdom, was commanded to give such a Lord his Hand, which he presently did, but gave him his Left-hand ; for which his Master chid him, and told him he should have given the Lord his Right-hand. O fye, Master, says the Fool, I think you are more Fool than I ; for that's an unseemly Thing indeed, to give to a great Lord that Hand which I wipe my Breech withal every Day.

120 A Knight's Son in the West, who was indeed his Father's only Child, and so gave him a little more Liberty than ordinary, and he was rather a Lover of the State of *Venus* than *Genoa*, and did often haunt the young Girls thereabouts, but especially one above the rest, which was a very pretty Maid, about Eighteen Years of Age, and Farmer's Daughter, who was his Father's Tenant, which gave him the more Liberty to have free

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Egrefs and Regrefs thither, and having importun'd the Maid very much, yet she would never grant : At last he promised her Marriage, upon which he had his Desire, and the Maid proved with Child ; but his Father and Mother fearing he might make up the Match there by his going so often thither, sent to another Knight that lived Four Miles off, to treat between their Son and his Daughter, who was a pretty Wench also ; which they suddenly consented to, and the Marriage-day was appointed. On the Marriage-day, as he was riding with his Man thither, the Farmer and his Daughter way-laid him under a Hedge, and asked him, What Recompence he should have for the Wrong he had done to his Daughter ? Well, says he, There's Fifty Pounds for you in Gold, and I will now give you a Bond for Fifty Pounds more, to be paid in Six Months, so you will be contented. So under the Hedge the Bond was made, and the People at the Bride-house wondering at his so long Stay, sent a Man to enquire after him ; and when he came, he found him uniting under the Hedge with the Farmer and his Daughter ; and when he had done, he went his Way to the Bride-house as fast as he could gallop ; and the Farmer and his Daughter seeing they could not help themselves, put up their Pipes and went Home. At last they were Married, and having Dined and Supped, they went to Bed, and when they were in Bed, he began to kiss her. Pray Sir, says she, let me ask you a Question first : What made you under the Hedge with the Farmer and his Daughter so long ? Why, says he, it does not concern you. Well, says she, I will know, or else you and I shall be at a Distance.

Why,

Why, says he, if you wo'nt be angry, I'll tell you. Well, I will not, says she, let it be what it will. Well then, says he, I got the Farmer's Daughter with Child, and she was such a Child as to tell her Father of it. By my Troth, says she, she was a Fool indeed; for my Father's Man got me with Child above a Twelve-month ago, and you are the First that ever I told of it.

121. A Rump Officer, who forsooth, to be fine, must needs have a Muff; and being much put to it to deliver a poor Prisoner, was forced to put into an Ale-house, and there called for a Pot of Ale, and he'd come presently: When he came to a convenient Place, it being a little duskish, and being in haste too, and pretty warm, had forgot his Muff, which hung it seems behind him; and well he might be pardoned for it, for that was the first Day that e'er he had wore a Muff; and making more than ordinary Haste, it happen'd that this new Muff 'lighted just underneath its Master's Name-sake, viz. the Rump, he most valiantly discharged all into it; and when he had done (tho' he did not know what he had done) came out of the Little House into the Yard, and as he wns going into the House, thrust his pretty Hand, with his Gloves on, into the Muff, which he quickly smelt, and put him into such a Fume, that he threw his Muff and Gloves into the Woman's Face, and told her, That was enough to pay for the Pot of Ale, and so went away.

122. One asked another of his Companions at a Coffee House, what was the Meaning of this Proverb, viz. *The City for Wealth, and the Country for Health*? He told him, It was preposterous; for

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for you know there are more Healths drank in the City than in all the Country again. Why, says he, that makes the Proverb; for if they drink away their Healths, they can never be well: But the Truth is, that the Wealth of the Country being brought into the City, is the Occasion of so much drinking of Healths.

123. A good and virtuous Woman was told by a Lawyer's Clerk who lived in the same Town where she dwelt, that when he was at London last, there was a Law made, That all labouring Men that were Cuckolds, were to have Four Pounds a Year allowed them out of the Shire where they lived. Well, says she, this is comfortable News; I am sure my poor Husband takes as much Pains as any Man, and Four Pounds a Year will do us Service these hard Times. Then she asked him how many Times doing would make a Man a Cuckold? He told her, by this new Law, Three Times would. Nay then, said she, I am well enough, for my poor Husband will receive his Pension.

Here follows more probable and improbable Stories.

124. **A** Great Spanish Commander that had been in the Service against the Turks, when he came Home, he told such a great Lye before the Council of Spain, that all looked upon it as ridiculous, and impudent in him to tell it there
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Then the Council put him out, and called in one of the Captains, who did not only second what his Commander had said, but told a greater Lye; for which he was rebuked by one of the Council, for telling such an Untruth. O my Lord, says he, you must pardon me, I do but my Duty in following my Commander. Then they told him, He had out-done his Commander. The more is my Honour and Glory then, says he, and I hope the King will pay me well for it.

125. In a Discourse at Table, wherein they chiefly treated of strange Things, one amongst them said, That he had a Piece of the Hawthorn-Tree in a Box, which always bloomed on *Christmas-Day* for many Years together, and at last was robbed of it by some of the Parliament Forces, and could never get again. Some of the Company doubting the Truth of this Story: Why, says he, do ye think if it had the Virtue to bloom on *Christmas-Day*, that it had not the Virtue to bloom without the Help of the Sun or Earth? And so let out some Oaths to confirm it.

126. But another being by, to fit him in his Story, and make it appear to be Truth (as you know it was) began to confirm what the other had said, with some Oaths too: For, said he, I myself have seen a Hawthorn-Tree bloom a Hundred *Christmas-Days*; and if I should say a Hundred more, I should not lye; I went once thither, when they were come to their Berries, which were red, hard and large, and took some of them and But-toned me a Suit of Cloaths with them. Now as I and some others were at Church together upon *Christmas-Day* in the Morning, little thinking of it,

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it, about Ten o'Clock precisely, he swore, That the Branches sprung out so fast and so thick, that he was cover'd all over with them; insomuch that he looked as if he had been in a Wood, and so heavy they were upon him, that he could not stir till one went out of the Church, and fetched an Axe, and cut away all the Boughs, that he might see his Way out; and when they had done, he went Home to his Lodging. He swore also, That there was as much Wood cut off as served him all that Winter for Fuel to his Chamber: But however, said he, I had rather be at the Charge of the Wood, than to be served so again. But, Gentlemen, I tell you this to confirm what that worthy Gentleman told you before; whereas you were in doubt for a great while, whether it was Truth or no: But I hope there's no doubt now; and so swore to it again.

127. Then another told a Story, That a Miller had a Horse for many Years together, whose Name was *Roan*, and being tired with working all Day, the poor Jade slept soundly at Night; which a thievish Fellow espying, flea'd off his Skin whilst he slept, and went away with it. But old *Roan*, when he awaked (tho' 'twas a bitter cold Night) yet, poor Thing, he came Home to the Mill door, and neighed very loud; which the honest Miller hearing, awaked his Wife, and asked, whether that was not the Neighing of old *Roan*? Truly, says she, it is, let us rise, and see what's the Matter with him; but when they came out, they wonder'd to see him in such a Pickle. Well, Husband, said she, since 'tis as 'tis, I'd have you kill five or six of your Sheep (and To-morrow being

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being Market-day, we can sell their Flesh there) and take all the Skins and clap 'em hot upon poor *Roan's* Back; which he presently did with his dear Wife's Help, and clapped them hot upon the Horse's dead Back, which with the cold Night, were presently froze on, and the Horse was as well, or rather better in Health than ever he was in Life, and I am sure you will say warmer: And this Horse, said he, they kept for many Years after, and every Year it brought them Thirty Tod of Wool. I hope you'll believe it; but if you don't, I pray take Notice that I am not bound to find you Stories and Belief too. Then they all concluded it was truly so.

128. Another swore most plentifully, That he saw a Lobster kill a Hare upon *Salisbury* Plain. Then they all began to think indeed that it was a Lye, till he very discreetly told them how it was. The Lobsters that are taken at *Weymouth*, *Southampton*, and upon the Sea-Coasts thereabouts, are presently conveyed in Panniers into the Midland Country, and by the Way on *Salisbury* Plain, did drop a very good Lobster, and a Hare a little after came close to the Lobster; which the Lobster feeling with his Claws, presently caught him fast by the Foot, and so killed him. He swore also, that them into a Pye, and baked them both together (but I don't mean with the Skin and the Shell on) then you'd think it a Lye indeed; and so sent it up to *London* to be eaten there.

129. Another swore pretty largely, That he saw a Hare, that after he was taken and garbaged, did give the Dogs a Chace for five or six Miles together. Then they all cry'd out, 'Twas a loud

Lie.

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Lye. No, says he, it cannot be a loud Lye, for for it seems you do not allow it. Yes, said they, we allow it for a Lye: But, says he, I do avow it for Truth; and thus it was: The Hare being tyed to the Huntsman's Saddle with a String, it happen'd that the String slipt, and the Hare hung down between the Horse's Legs upon the Ground, and the Horse being mettlesome, gallop'd away with the Hare at his Heels, and the Dogs marched after: But the Truth was, the Man could not hold the Horse in. Nay then, said they, this may be impossibly probable.

130. Another very sober Man told a Story, That once he went Courfing with a Grey-hound Bitch that was great with Whelp; and having started a Hare, it happen'd that the Hare went through a Muse in a Hedge, where a Carpenter had hid his Axe, lying it seems with the Edge upwards: The Hare being with Young, in going through that Muse, cut her Belly with the Edge of the Axe, and then out started eight young Hares, and began to run immediately (as you know some Hares will before they are kindled) but the Grey-hound Bitch suddenly following the Hare through the very same Muse, by Chance cut her Belly also, and out came eight young Whelps; which eight young Whelps ran after the eight young Hares, and the Bitch after the old Hare, and killed them all. Now, says he to them, some nice People may take this for a Lye, but I think 'tis as probable as any of the rest, because the Wonder is the greater; that there should be but just the Number of eight Whelps, and eight young Hares.

131. An-

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131. Another said, That he being in a Room with some other Gentlemen, drinking a Bottle of Ale, he saw the Man of the House open a Bottle, and the Cork flew with such Violence, that it struck his Hat off his Head; and after that went through the Cieling of that Room, and another Room above that, which was Two Pair of Stairs high, and killed a Man and his Wife as they lay in Bed there, and from thence flew up into the Garret, where it stuck so fast that they could not get it out without the Help of a Hammer.

132. Sir, says another, to make good your Story, I'll tell you one which I saw with my own Eyes: Being with some others in an Upper-room, one of them was opening a Bottle of Ale, and the Cork flew up with such Violence through the Top of the House, that it broke the Cieling and Tiles also, and killed a Kite that was flying just then over the House; and the Hole was so big which the Cork had made, that down fell the Kite thro' the Hole, and they opening the Kite to see where she was wounded, found two great Chickens in her Belly, which they sold to pay for their Drink, and after that they would never drink in any other Room in that House: But I don't know that it ever happen'd so again; for these Things, tho' there be Truth in them, don't happen to every Day.

133. Another began to tell them his Story, (which he swore was certain, as you know all these Things are:) Said he, As I was riding to St. Alban's, thro' a Lane that was of a stiff Clay, as I was galloping, my Horse's Foot sticking in, plucked off Shoe and Hoof too, and so I galloped on

for three or four Miles, and my Horse never complained, so that I never saw a Horse that galloped so well on three Legs in my Life. At length he began to limp; then I alighted to see what he ailed, and found both Shoe and Hoof gone; so fearing to pay for the Horse, I got presently up again, and galloped as fast as I could drive, and fortunately my Horse's Leg lighted again in the same Place, and pulled up Hoof and Shoe and all, which was better fastened than when I came out; and so I performed my Journey.

134. Another, whom all the Town knew to be as far from telling a Lye, as the *London Clocks*, and so gave the more Ear to him, swore, That he had travelled all over *Germany*; and at *Augsburg*, a great City there, he saw a Man that had a Nose so big, that he could not hear himself Sneeze. Sure, says one of the Company, this can't be an honest Man. Yes, said he, he was counted an honest Man, and was also a Burgo-master; but, said he, I am sure he was a Knave. Pray explain yourself, says the other: Why, says he, I believe he had been in the Pillory, and so by Consequence had lost his Ears.

135. Another very learnedly said, That he saw two Men ride down a Hill together a great Pace, and on a sudden the first Horse stopped in the solid Way, which gave the foremost Man such a Jerk, that he threw him quite out of the Saddle backwards, that he alighted astride behind the hindmost Man; and his coming so forcibly upon him, struck the hindmost Man off his own, upon the first Horse, which stood still, in an Instant. Truly, says one, 'tis strange if it be true: Truly, said t'other, 'Tis not so strange as true.

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136. A Vintner being broke, was it seems forced to set up an Ale-house in the Suburbs, and being asked, Why he did discredit himself so much, to leave off Wine to sell Beer and Ale? He told him, the chief Reason was, Because he loved a Countryman better than a Stranger; for Beer and Ale are my Countrymen, but Wine's a Stranger. But the Gentleman told him, He did not well, for he must make much of a Stranger that comes within his Gates. That I will, says he, when I get it within my Gates again; I'll make more of it than I did; nay, much more, because I would not break the Command.

137. A Country Gentleman asked a Wise Man, when he saw a Fellow abuse him, and spurn at him, why he did not spurn at him again? Why truly, says he, I think I should do very indiscreetly in so doing; for if an Ass should kick me, must I needs kick him again?

138. A Gentleman being in a great Assembly, one asked, Why he would not live in London in the Winter, where he would find all Sorts of Company to fit his Humour? Faith, says he, so I would, if I could find a House fit for my Turn. One whose Name was *Chambers*, thinking to abuse him, told him, He could help him to a House that had three Rooms on a Floor, but it was built of Wood. He asked him where it was? He told him, at *Tyburn*. 'Tis true indeed, says the Gentleman, 'tis a convenient House, and stands in a good Air; for in an Hour it cures People of all Diseases: And for a House that is but one Story high, it is a fine House indeed; but I find there's no Want in it but *Chambers*.

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139 A *London* Scrivener dying in *Oxford* in the Time of the Sickneſs, a merry Jack wrote wrote this over him: ‘ May all by theſe Preſents
 ‘ know, That I that have bound ſo many, am
 ‘ now faſt bound myſelf, by the Means of a Gentleman of an ancient Family, called Mr. *Death*,
 ‘ who brought me my laſt Sheet, and my laſt Period, or Full Point; and tho’ I was never guilty
 ‘ of any great Wickedneſs, yet I lived not without many a Blot, which my Daughter *Pen* was
 ‘ the Occaſion of. I gave no ill Example to any,
 ‘ but rather gave good Copies unto all. I was
 ‘ learned too, for I always dealt in good Letters,
 ‘ and was a Juſtice of Peace in my own Dominions. Tho’ I could not Hang, yet I could
 ‘ Draw; yet I could hang an A—e, when my
 ‘ own Money was to be paid; and I made all
 ‘ Bonds-men but my ‘Prentices, for them I made
 ‘ Free. And after I had writ up all my Letters,
 ‘ this Mr. *Death* threw ſome Duſt upon them;
 ‘ and as one Daſh of my *Pen* hath ruined many,
 ‘ ſo my Daughter *Pen* hath ruined herſelf. But
 ‘ this naughty Mr. *Death* aſſaulted me with Bills,
 ‘ when I was making of Bonds, and at laſt ſealed
 ‘ the Letters of my Eyes quite up; and then ſent
 ‘ me away To my Long-Home.

140 A Gentleman that had, as I hear, been long a Suitor to a young Lady, whoſe Father was a Knight, and at that Time High Sheriff of the County; after they had long diſputed about the Portion, it happened that the Sheriff had ſummoned the County together upon ſome urgent Occaſion, into a Common, three or four Miles off, and there did appear upon a very fine Horſe,
 which

which the young Gentleman that was Suitor to his Daughter was much in Love withal, and did desire that he would bestow that Horse upon him. The Knight told him, that he would not part with him. Then he desired to buy him; but he told him plainly, that no Money shou'd buy him. Why then, says he, in a Fume, You may keep your Daughter; and so rode away. About three Months after he took it into Consideration, and thinking he had done very indiscreetly, went again to the Knight's House. As he was riding into the Gate, a Maid of the House espy'd him, and went and told her young Mistress; who bid her shut the Door fast, and lock it too. A little after the Gentleman comes to the Door and knocks, and the young Lady being on the other Side, asked, Who was there? He said, Madam, a faithful Servant of yours. Sir, says she, I do not know you, and I dare not let any Body in when my Father's from Home; for we had a great Robbery committed lately hard by, at this Time of the Day. Why, Madam, said he, Don't you know me? I am such a Man that loves you, I protest. O! Sir, says she, is it you? I do remember that about six Months ago, there was such a one indeed, that was in Love with my Father's Horse: And so flung away, and would not suffer the Door to be opened, nor ever would admit of any more of his Addressee to her; so that it seems he was at last contented to march off without Lady or Horse either.

141. A Man in a bitter cold Winters Night was passing through the Street, and seeing all a-Bed, and no Candle in any Window neither, be-

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thought himself of this Project : He went up and down, crying, Fire! Fire! which made several come to their Windows. They asked him, Where? Where? He told them, He did not know, for if he did, he would go to it and warm himself: For, says he, I am devilish cold.

142. Several Men being merry together, and among other Discourse, were praising their Wives: Faith, says a Fellow that had a devilish scolding Wife, my Wife is as brave a Woman as any is in *England*, all but her Tongue. Why do'st not cut it out? says another: No, no, says he, by no Means; for I have heard say, That if you lop a Tree, it takes the faster Root; and by Consequence there will be more Branches come out, which will be stronger than those before; and who can tell but it may be so with my poor Wife's Tongue, if I should cut it out.

143. A merry Wag at *Wolvercoat* near *Oxford*, met a Countryman going thither with a Goose to sell; but he had agreed with a Comrade of his to say it was an Owl. So he asked him, how he sold his Owl? He said it was a Goose, and t'other an Owl: So they argued a good while together; at last, says the Wag, We'll be try'd by the next Man we meet. Content, says the Countryman, and if he says 'tis a Goose, then you shall give me Half a Crown for the Goose, and I will keep it too. Content, says the Wag. So going on, they met as by Accident, the aforesaid Comrade; and after some Debate, he plainly said, it was an Owl, and so they got the Goose. So the Countryman as he went alone, began at last to think he was cheated, and was resolved to study for a Revenge.

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About a Week after he comes to *Oxford* again, and brought a Pot of supposed Honey to sell. So the Wag espying him in the Market, asked him how he sold his Honey? He said, it was Surreverence: The other said, twas Honey, but the Man said, it was T——d, and so they argued a great while. At last he bought it of him, saying, Let it be what it will, I'll buy it: And when he came Home to open it, he found it was true that the Man said, only the Top for an Inch deep cover'd with Honey; and when he had got his Money, thought he to himself, Now I am quit with you; for the Case is All T——d.

144. In the Rump's Time there were many worthy Men that were made Justices of the Peace, and amongst the which one who it seems formerly had been a Tradesman: When a Man or Woman was brought before him for some Offence, says the reverend Justice, Where is your Reverence to me? Do ye come in here without bowing? Do ye know who I am? Then, Sirrah, says he, What Woman is that you brought with you? Says he, An't please your Honour, 'tis my Wife, before God: How, you Rogue, says he, do you swear? first lay down Twelve-pence for your Swearing, and then go on. Sir, says he, I dare not go on; for if this be swearing, I fear I shall so often swear, that I shall have no Money to defray it; and so retired with his Wife.

145. Another mad Fellow being brought before this renowned Justice in the Morning, before his Worship had drank his Morning's Draught, and to which End there stood a Silver Beaker of Ale, Nutmeg and Sugar ready; after his Examination,

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says the Justice to him, Is this true that they say against you ? (the Fellow being on t'other Side of the Table) True, Sir, says he, and then took up the Silver Beaker aforesaid, and said, If it be true, I wish this Beaker may never go through me ; and so drank it up. Now, Sir, says he, I hope you will not believe them, but me.

146. A notable Fellow, as 'tis said, that would not be drunk above seven Days in the Week ; and when he was drunk, was so besotted that he knew not what he did : Once his 'Prentice was sent by his Wife to fetch him Home, and when he found him out, he found him reeling ripe also. As they came down *Ludgate-Hill*, it being a Moon-shiny Night, he saw the Reflexion of the *Bell-Savage* Sign-Post upon the Ground, and it seems took it for a Block, and went to lift his Leg over it. His 'Prentice having him by the Arm for his Supporter, asked him what he meant by that ? Why, says he, To go over this Block. He told him, it was no Block. What is it then, says he ? 'Tis a Sign, says the Boy. What Sign, I prithee ? Why, Master, 'Tis a Sign you are drunk.

147. Another Night the same Boy was his Guide Home again, as he was passing by *Holborn Conduit* (when it was standing) where the Water did continually run out of a Cock from thence ; this famous Sot coming to the Conduit, told the Boy he must piss, and did piss against the Conduit, close by where the Water-cock ran ; after he had stood there a pretty while, his Boy told him, 'twas late, and pray'd him to go Home. What, you Rogue, says he, would you have me bepiss my Breeches ? Do you hear how I piss still ? thinking that

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that the Cock running was his Pissing: The Boy told him he had done, 'twas the Cock that ran. Say you so, says he, I thought I had piss'd all the while. So went Home as well as he could with the Boy.

148. Another remarkable Drunkard, who always when he went Abroad, would have hanging by his Side a short Hanger in a Leather Belt, and one Time having been at it till he was red hot with Tipling, he and his Companions having paid the Reckoning, and having laid by his Dagger, when he was going away, instead of the Dagger, put the End of his Leather Belt into the Chamber-pot, half full of Piss, and fastened it to his Side, and so marched out into the Street, and every Step he took some Piss would run out; which set the People in the Street into a Laughter, who came flocking about him. He thinking that they came to abuse him, went to pull out his Dagger, but instead of that, laid hold of the Chamber-pot, and threw all the Piss in the Peoples Faces: And so by that found out his Error, and then went back for his Dagger.

149. Some Gallants were sitting merrily a drinking a Pot of nappy Ale, wherein they had several Discourses of Experiments; one of them said, That he could make it appear, that tho' there were four Sides to a House that stands alone, yet there's a Way to make it rain but on one Side. Then they desired him to tell them how. He said he would for two Pots. Content, said they. Then he told them, You know, tho' there's four Sides of a House, yet there is really but two; that is, the Outside and the Inside; so that if you can

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keep it from raining in, it will only rain on the Outside. Well, said they, to make good your Conceit, we are resolved to seize the two Pots which we have lost; and we'll so order the Matter, that none of the Liquor in the Pots shall enter into your Inside, we'll so stop them,

150. A Country Woman that lived at *Haddington* near *Oxford*, upon a *Sunday* she not being well, bid her Maid go to Church that Afternoon; and after Sermon was done, her Dame asked her, What was the Text? She said, Truly, Foorsooth, D me, the Text was said before I came. Well, said she, What said he in the Middle of his Sermon? Truly, said she, I was asleep then. Well, what did he say at the latter End? Indeed, Foorsooth, said she, I went away before 'twas done. Well, however, I will have you tell me something of it. What, says she, D'ye think I am a Blab of my Tongue? No, I warrant you, I was better bred than so.

151. A precise Woman undertook to chastise her Daughter, and charged her to look no more upon Men; but instead of that, when you are in their Company, you must still look upon the Ground. No, Mother, says she, I beg your Pardon for that, for I see you don't read the Bible often: For we ought to look upon Men from whence we come; and they on the Ground from whence they come; and if I should not look on them, how should I know whether I like them or no? And Mother, I have often heard, that when you were a Maid, you never went to Church, but to shew your fine Cloaths, and look upon young Men. Well, thou hast convinced me; prithee Child take thy own Course.

152. A

152. A very rich Miser's Son riding upon the Highway, was met by a Boy that was in very great Distress, and begged his Charity : For, Sir, said he, I cannot help myself, and am Fatherless besides. Get you gone, you Rogue, says the good-natur'd Gentleman, what do you jeer me? Is that a Fault? I should think it a great Happiness that I were Fatherless: Thou grievest for thy Father's Death, and if thou dost think it a great Loss for thee, I'll be so charitable to thee as to feed thee with good Wishes; and I wish my Father had excused thine.

153. A Gallant had marched in a bitter cold Night up and down several Streets to get him a Lodging, but no Body would open to him; some perhaps not knowing him, and some perchance too well. At last he bethought himself of getting a Lodging in a new Kind of Way, and so went to the Watch at *Temple-Bar*, and there called them Rogues, and other vile Names, for which they sent him to the *Compter*. The next Day he was brought before the Alderman of the Ward, and he said to him, Methinks you look something like a Gentleman; pray what was the Reason you abused the Constable and his Watch thus, without a Cause? Truly Sir, says he, I'll tell you the Truth, I had gone from Street to Street that bitter Night to get some Lodging, but could find none; at last, I thank 'em, they brought me to the *Compter*, where I had a good Fire, good Drink, and a good Bed; for which Courtesy I do here give them a Crown; and this I'll assure you Sir, was the Cause, and nothing else: And so he had his Release.

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154. Some 'Prentices in *London* being one *Christmas* Time to act a Play, when they were perfect, they went to a grave Citizen, and desired him to lend them his Cloaths to act a Play in: No, says he, no Body shall play the Fool in my Cloaths but myself.

155. A Gallant thought to put a Trick upon one (that he thought simple) before a great Company in a Room, but he proved a subtle Fellow, and as you will find, baffled him. The Question that he asked him was, How old he was? He said, Ever since he was born, and Twenty Weeks before. Then he asked him, How he knew that? Why, says he, That is a Question only to be asked my Mother, or the Midwife; for surely I do not well remember it. Then he asked him, How old he was since he was Christened? He told him he could not tell. Why, says the Gallant, That's much methinks, for I am sure you were there yourself. Yes, says he, I was there, but I am sure you were not, because you never was at any Christening, nor was Christened yourself; your Father being an Anabaptist.

156. A Fellow was by the Judge condemned to lose his Ears for Perjury, and after he had stood long in the Pillory, the Executioner was going to cut off both his Ears, but when he went to lay hold on them, found nothing but the Places where they had been. What a Pox, said he, you Rogue, do you abuse me, to put me to the Trouble and Charge to cut off your Ears, and now all is ready, you have no Ears, you Dog? Well, says he, I'll go to the Judge, and tell him that you were condemned before for Perjury, but now I'll indite thee for Cozenage.

Cozenage. Why, Friend, says the Man, the Order runs, That I should lose my Ears ; but it does not bind me, that I should find you Ears to cut off. I think I have done you a Courtesy, seeing I have saved you so much Labour.

157. There's a Proverb which says, *Two Heads are better than One* ; which made a Boy it seems, bid his Father, when he went to buy some Sheep, to take the Dog with him : For, says he, He that you are to deal withal is a crafty Fellow ; and tho' 'tis said, that *Two Heads are better than One* ; that is, I think, he meant Cods-Heads, when they are both scarce enough for the Company : Also, if both the Heads be without Wit, 'twere better to have none.

158. There is also a Proverb which says, *When the Belly is full, then the Bones should be at Rest*. But Mr. Proverb, I think you are mistaken in this ; for all Women that are Big-bellied, are the most molested with Bones, and then they are least at Rest.

159. An ingenious young Man that was sent to a Boarding-School to learn *Latin*, and to Write ; after he had been there more than two Years, his Father sent him a Letter, that he should write to him, that he might see how he had improved both in his Learning and his Writing : So he very Scholastically directs his Letter to his Father thus : To my most obedient Father, which is my Mother's Husband, at the House where they live. Says a Man to him, They won't find the House by this Direction. Puh, says he, There's no Body but knows my Father's House ; for if I were in Town I could find it myself, and yet I have not been there

there these two Years : And at the End he subscribed thus, I cease ever to be your Dutiful Son, and so forth.

160. Two *Oxonians* were in a very great Dispute there, concerning the Man in the Moon, Whether he was a Gentleman or a Citizen ? And after a great deal of *Pro's* and *Con's* between them, one of them solved it thus : That when the Moon was at Full, then there was a Gentleman in her ; but when she appeared with two Horns, then he might be confident there was a Citizen in her ; and that they were Lunatick that did not believe it ; the *Spanish Count de Luna* being at that Time to take a View of *Oxford*, and to confirm it.

161. An imperious Gentlewoman intending to make a great Feast for some of her Friends and Relations, sent one of her Servants (which formerly had been a Servitor in *Oxford*) to invite those Persons to the said Feast ; and when he came back, she asked him what he had done ? Madam, says he, I have commanded them all to come. Why, you impudent Rascal, says she, I commanded you to bid them. Alack-a-day, Madam, says he, I wonder that your Ladyship should talk so strangely, having been in the Imperative Mood yourself, that you should not know, That to bid and command is all one there. Sirrah, I bid you go out of my Sight. Madam, says he, I am at your Command ; and is not that all one, when your Ladyship and I so well agree.

162. One passing by the Watch at *Aldgate*, says the Watchman, Who's there ? Says he, Mine A—se : Then they acquainted the Constable with it, for using such unseemly Language : Then
says

says the worshipful Mr. Constable, How dare you use such a Word to them? O! Mr. Constable, says he, are you there? Tho' I used it to them, I do confess, I dare not to you; for in Truth, Sir, now I have left my A—e behind me. Well, says the Constable, the next Time you do so, I will make you leave your Sword behind; and instead of casting up your Sums with a Pen, I shall make you do it in Counters.

163. A *Frenchman* coming late by *Endgate* one Night, says one of the Watch to him, Stand, and come before the Constable. Begar, says he, dat is very pretty: I cannot stand, and come before the Constable too. Stand, I say, says another, and come before the Constable. At which the *Frenchman* laughed heartily; saying, Begar des Men be all ingenious: Stand, and come before the Constable! At last the Constable appears: Sir, says he, whither are you going? Begar dat's very pretty too: Mr. Constable, I love you very much, great deal well, 'cause you be so like my Wife: For when I go out a Doors, she says, Husband, Whither are you going? Just like you, Mr. Constable. Sir, says he, Whither are you going now? Begar, Mr. Constable, me be going dere where you dare not go. Where's that, says the Constable? Why, Begar, says he, to Bed to mine own Wife: Mark you dat, Mr. Constable, do; and still laughed on; so that the Constable to be rid, as he thought, of such Impertinency, let him go.

164. Some *Oxford* Scholars when they did intend to perform that Journey called *Iter Boreale*, went first to *Worcestershire*, then through *Shropshire*,
Cheshire,

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Cheshire, Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland, and so to Dumfries, and then to Glasgow; and having seen the Western Parts of Scotland, came then towards the East, viz. to St. Johnston's, Dundee, St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, Dunbar, and Berwick, and so came into England Eastwards; from thence to Newcastle, Durham, York, Hull, and over an Arm of the Sea at Hull, which is fix is six Miles broad there, into Lincolnshire, and so Norfolk; and being in the City of Norwich at an Inn, and their Money after so long a Journey running low; it seems in the Morning the Landlord brought 'em up a saucy Reckoning, which they perusing, shook their Heads, and well they might, for they could not shake their Purfes then. Then says the Landlord to them, Gentlemen, I see you are Scholards, and if you can tell me how I may be eas'd of a great Trouble which lies upon me, I will give you a Gallon of Sack. They asked him what it was? He told 'em, he was so much troubled with Rats, that they destroyed most of the Goods in his House. Well, said the Scholars, bring up your Gallon of Sack, and we'll give you a Remedy for your Trouble of the Rats, which if you'll follow, we'll warrant you they'll never trouble you more; and that is this: The first Thing you must do, is to prepare a great Supper, and then invite all the Rats you have in the House to that Supper, and in the Morning do but bring them up such a Bill as you have brought to us, and if they trouble your House any more, we'll be hanged. Well, Gentlemen, says he, I see you want Money; I will, if you please to accept of it, lend you Five Pounds, and excuse you the paying

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ing of your Bill till Three Months after your Arrival at *Oxford*; and before that Time I'll send my Son to receive that, and the Five Pounds, and do intend he shall stay at what College you please, but I must have one of you to be his Tutor. About six Weeks after the Son came, and was admitted into *Christ Church* College, of which College those *Iter Borealeans* were; for which Kindness of the Money lent, and excusing the Bill, these Scholars made an excellent Copy of Verses, and sent it to their Landlord in *Norwich*, and Forty Shillings to drink their Healths, which was done so to the Purpose, that they were fain to be led to Bed that Night.

165. A Man that had been a Four Years Voyage at Sea, and when he came Home, his dear and virtuous Wife coming to meet and welcome him Home, brought a little Boy in her Arms of a Twelvemonth old; which he perceiving, Umph, said he: And, Umph, says she again, you might have come Home sooner then. Why, says he, I came Home as soon as e'er my Conveniency would give me Leave. And I, said she, staid as long as my Conveniency would give me Leave. Well, says he, Whose Child is this? Why, Mine, says she; and what is mine is yours, for I can lawfully call nothing my own but my Ring, Fillet, and Hair-lace; and therefore the Child is yours. How will you prove it, says he? Why thus, says she: Here hold it in your Arms; and as he took it, Now, says she, I freely give it you. Nay, now, says he, I am fully satisfied, and know 'tis mine; therefore prithee get it a good Nurse, for I'll have none of my Children that come so easily, nars'd at Home.

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166. A dear and loving Wife, that always bore a great Respect to her Husband, both in Sickness and Health, and now did make it appear to the very last; for when her dear Husband was in *Essex* condemn'd to die for stealing four or five Horses, and breaking open as many Houses; this sweet loving Soul his Wife, hearing where he was, came and gave him a Visit. Wife, says he, you see what I am come to now; prithee pray for me, and take Care to bring up our Children in the Fear of God. Husband, says she, as soon as I heard of it, you see I came to you; and as you know I have always been loving to you, you shall now find it to the last. Pray Husband tell me, Are we to be at the Carge of a Rope, or they? for I would have all Things ready that might do you a Kindness and here I have brought one Forty Miles to do you a Courtesy; and so left the Rope with him. Well, Wife, says he, I thank you heartily; and pray go Home and look after the Children. No, Husband, I have not come so far, but I'll stay and see you hanged before I go.

176. A Gentleman in King *James's* Days that was a Servant to him, was a very fat Man, and the King it seems took great Delight in his Company for his dry Jests now and then, and would often come and lean upon his Shoulder; but one Time it seems, he leaned a little harder than ordinary, so that this fat Gentleman began to puff and blow, which the King observing, yet would take no Notice of it; but the Gentleman finding the Weight a little too heavy, said, I beseech your Majesty not to lean upon the Cushion too hard, lest you burst out the Feathers.

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168. A very great Student that had written many excellent Books, and one among the rest that he had wrote was, A History of the whole World. This said Student it seems had lost himself in a Wood, because he took little Notice of the Path, being still in a musing Condition. At last being weary, and his Stomach crying Cupboard also, he began very seriously to think of getting out of the Wood. After he had wander'd about a great while, he met by Chance with a Countryman that lived near *Oxford*, and was then going thither to Market (which Countryman knew him very well ;) so he desired him to guide him out of the Wood, and he'd give him Six-pence. Sir, says he, I do admire very much that you that have written a Tract of the whole World, should not now find the Tract out of this little Wood. Friend, says he, I think thou art a Wood : Sir, says he, if I am not, I am not fit to be your Guide ; but you speak as if you were in a Wood. Yes, Faith, says the Student, so I am ; and I would fain get out on't, if I could.

169. A simple Rumpish Minister, as he was riding one Afternoon to a Parsonage which he had eight Miles from *Oxford*, which he used to do every *Saturday*, (that is, if it was fair) to Preach there on *Sunday* ; but if it was otherwise, then one of the Junior Fellows of the College, where he Head, was sent in his Room. This said Minister seeing a Boy at Plough in the Fields with Oxen, (which it seems was a smart Knave) rid up with his Man to him, and there began to catechise the Boy. After the Boy had answer'd him Hand-pat to all his Questions, which the Parson admired, Now,

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Now, Sir, says the Boy, I hope you'll give me Leave to ask you a Question: Yes, Boy, says he, with all my Heart. Pray, Sir, says he, then tell me who made these Oxen: God, says the Parson. Nay, that's a Lye, says the Boy; for God made them Bulls, but my Father made them Oxen. And so drove away the Plough and whistled on still; and tho' the Parson asked him many other Questions, yet he took no Notice of him, nor did not afford him another Word. Then he and his Man rode away from him. This Story his Man told when he came Home, for which his good Master turned him out of Doors, so kind they were still to all that told Truth.

170. A plain Country Fellow coming to the Market at *Brentford* one *Tuesday*, he cheapned of a Butcher a Shoulder of Mutton: The Butcher told him, He would have Twenty Pence for it. Fye, says he, Twenty Pence! I'll tell you,

*Not long since, you Goodman Brown,
There's a Man in this Town,
That is called John Bennet,
Who within this Se'nnet,
Sold me a Shoulder of Mutton,
Witness your Neighbour John Sutton;
For no more than Fourteen Pence,
Or I wish I may ne'er go hence.
Well, says the Butcher strait,
Take it for this Conceit.*

171. A Gentleman having drank very hard at the *King's-Head Tavern*, came reeling out, up *Chancery-Lane*, and chanced to reel within the
Rails

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Rails of the Pump, and kept his Motion round so long, that he was tired ; whereupon lerning upon the Rails, he asked one that passed by, where he was ? He told him, Over-against the *Chancery*. I thought so, said he, and that is the Reason I think I shall never get out of this Place.

172. A sturdy Beggar meeting a high Commander of the Long Parliament Army (under whom he was a Soldier) began to beseech his Honour's Charity upon a poor crippled Soldier, that had lost his Blood and Limb's in the State's Service. The Officer very gravely answer'd him, He had not for him. God bless your Honour ; for tho' you are not in a Humour to supply my Wants at this present, yet I am ever bound to pray for your Honour, because you saved my Life. At which Words his Honour vouchsafed to look back, and asked him, Where, and how he saved his Life ? To which the Beggar reply'd, Your Honour may remember when you fled into the Saw-pit, I followed you, or else I had stood too, and been slain, I thank your good Honour.

173. Two old Companions (who had not seen each other a great while) met in St. Paul's Church-Yard, after some little Discourse, agreed by Consent to go to the *Feathers*-Tavern, where they sat pecking from Six in the Evening, till past Ten at Night ; and having by this Time drank sufficiently, one of them desired to be gone, urging to him, that he knew his Impediment, *viz.* He could neither go nor stand when he was drunk. Well, says the other, and thou knowest I am Tongue-ty'd, and cannot speak when I am suddled ; but I believe that one Pint more will neither

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ther hinder my Ta'king, nor thy Walking. Faith, says the other, if I cannot go, thou must lead me. He answer'd him, he would; and the other Pint brought both of them to their Infirmities, so that the one was *Lame*, and the other *Dumb*; and having paid the Reckoning (about Eleven o'Clock) the *Dumb Man*, by the Help of the Drawers, got the *Lame Man* down Stairs, where at the Bar he takes the *Lame Man* upon his Back, and away he marches with him towards *Ludgate*, where the Watch being set, before they came near, they called, Who goes there? Come before the Constable. So the *Dumb Man* (unseen by the Watch) sets down the *Lame Man* in the Dark, by the Prison-Door, upon a Bench, and goes to the Constable, who asked him, What he did out so late, and where he had been? To all which the *Dumb Man* made many Mouths and Signs, but could not answer. The *Lame Man* in the Dark, being troubled to hear his Friend so hardly put to't with Questions, calls out to the Constable, and tells him, He cannot speak. What, says the Constable, Is there more of you? Come you before the Constable, and answer, you can speak: But I can't go, says the other. With that they went all to him, and he gave them so sufficient an Account of what they were, where they had been, what were their Impediments, and how they got together, that the Constable and the Watch laughed heartily, bidding the *Dumb Man* take up his *Lame Luggage*, and march Home.

174. An old Recorder of a City in this Land was busy with a Country Mayor; in the mean Space they were interrupted by a Fellow that was brought

brought before him for killing a Man : The Recorder asked the Fellow his Name ; who answered his Name was *Gilman*. Says the Recorder, Take away G, and thy Name is *Ilman* ; put K to it, and thy Name is *Kilman* ; and put Sp to it, thy Name is *Spilman*. Thou art half hanged already (as the Proverb says) for thou hast an ill Name, let a Man vary it how he can. The Mayor all this while stood by, musing at the Recorder's canvassing the Man's Name ; and afterwards being at Home among his own good People, he had an Offender brought before him, for getting a Wench with Child. Mr. Mayor asked him his Name : The Fellow said, If it please your Worship, my Name is *Johnson*. Then Mr. Mayor (striving to imitate the Recorder) said, Take away G, and thy Name is *Ilman* ; put K to it, thy Name is *Kilman* ; put Sp to it, thy Name is *Spilman*. Thou art a Knave, thou hast an ill Name, and thou shalt be hanged, take my Word for it.

175. Three young conceited Wits sitting in a Tavern very merry, it chanced that a grave Old Gentleman with a Grey Beard, looked into the Room, whom as soon as they espied, to shew their Wit, one saluted him with the Name of Father *Abraham*, the other with *Isaac*, and the Third with *Jacob*. I am glad, said the Gentleman, neither Father *Abraham*, *Isaac*, nor *Jacob*, but *Saul* the Son of *Kish*, who went out to seek his Father's Asses, and here I found them, and here I leave them.

177. A cheating Moneyless Traveller coming to an Inn, sent for a Shoe-maker to bring him Choice of Boots : The Shoe-maker brings him
three

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three or four Pairs, and one Pair very well fitted him : Being both drawn on, he asked the Price ; he was told it ; but the Traveller desired the Shoe-maker that he would trust him till that Day seven-night, and he would pay him faithfully ; but the Shoe-maker said, He was a Stranger to him, and required present Payment, or his Boots again. The other perceiving there was no Hopes of prevailing, gets to the Inn-gate, discoursing ; and having designed his Ways, runs quite through the Town, and the Shoe-maker after him, crying out, Stop him, stop him, stop him ; and some going to stop him, he cryed out, Pray don't stop me ; we two run a Race for a Wager, I in Boots, He in Shoes and Stockings ; which the People believing, some cry'd, Well run Boots ; others Well run Shoes and Stockings : Boots wins the Wager, if it were for a Hundred Pounds. Thus the poor Shoe-maker was run out of his Boots, and almost out of his Wits.

177. A wild young Man being married to a witty young Woman, being a good Housewife, and a Shrew, had but one only Child of a Quarter old, by him tenderly beloved. He would often be drunk, and she as often would maunder with him, and threaten to throw his Child into the Pond the next Time he came Home drunk. Not many Nights after, having Intelligence of his drinking with debauched Companions, formed this Design : She bids her Maid carry his beloved Infant to a Neighbour's House, and laps a Cat very formally in Blankets, and lays it in the Cradle. Having done, Home comes her Husband, whom she saluted with a Look like a Storm, and a thundering Speech,

Speech, and by him as boldly returned ; but she in a framed high Passion, runs to the Cradle, takes out the Cat in her Formalities, and cries, I have often threatned, now I'll be revenged, and runs to the Pond and flings it in ; he after her, crying, Good, dear Wife, save the Child, but too late : He runs in after it up to the Shoulders in a cold Winter's Night, got hold on the Mantle, comes a shore, crying, Oh ! my poor Child, lays it before the Fire, un-pins the Blankets, and amazed, Puls springs out, crying Mew, which made his Wife laugh heartily. He vowed a Reformation, she warmed his Bed, put him on a dry Shirt, sent for the Child Home, and to Bed they went.

178. A *Welchman* riding with a Charge of Money behind him, was set upon by a Thief, who bid him deliver immediately ; or (drawing a Pistol) said, he would make it bounce through him. Say hur so, says the *Welchman*, since hur hath hur Money, let hur hear one Pounce for it, for hur never heard the Pounce of a Cun. The good-natur'd Thief to satisfy the Curiosity of the *Welchman* (whom he looked on as a very silly Fellow) discharged his Pistol, which ecchoed in very many Places. Cots-splutter-a-nails, says the *Welchman*, it was a gallant Pounce, and there was many little Pounces too ; Good her Urship, let hur have one Pounce more for hur Money, and hur will be satisfied. So the Thief discharged the other ; at which the *Welchman* seemed better pleased than before, and asked if he had no more Pounces : No, said the Thief, I have no more. No, said the *Welchman*, then hur has one Pounce in Store, which hur will make Pounce through hur immediately,

E

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diately, if hur deliver not hur Money back presently; and so forced the Thief to deliver.

179. A Young Man married a cross Piece of Flesh, who not contented, tho' her Husband was very kind, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families. The Husband being no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, banged her soundly. Hereupon she complained to her Father, who understanding well the Perverseness of her Humour, took her to Task, and laced her Sides soundly too; saying, Go, and commend me to your Husband, and tell him, I am now even with him; for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as well as he hath beaten my Daughter.

180. A Gentleman who had a ruby Face, came to a Barber to be trimmed, and asked him, If he could or durst trim him? The Barber replied, That he had learned his Trade, and kept Shop on Purpose, and therefore both could, and durst, and would trim him, if he pleased. But, quoth the Gallant, behold my Face, and see the rugged Difficulty of shaving it. If you trim me without Blood-shed, I will give you Ten Shillings; but if I find you draw Blood, with this Stiletto I will stab you immediately. The brisk Barber being more tempted with the rare Reward of Ten Shillings, than dismayed by his Threatning, undertakes it, and very artificially trims him without Blood-shed, and the Gentleman was well pleased; but withal asked, How he durst venture upon him, since he was in so much Hazard of his Life? To whom the Barber replied, I had no Cause to fear my Life; for if I had fetched Blood of your Face, before you could have been sensible of it, I would quickly

quickly have let you Blood in the Wind-pipe, and secured myself from your Stab. The Gentleman held up his Hands in Thanks for his Deliverance, and vowed never to be trimm'd upon those Conditions again.

181. In the Beginning of the Spring, when scarce one Flower was seen to bud out, a *Scotch Gallant* by Chance espying a Primrose fairly blown, and going to pluck it, consider'd with himse'f how more proper it might be for his Mistress to gather it with her fair Hands, and resolves to intreat her thither; but fearing it should be plucked in his Absence, he cover'd it with his Hat, and walks to the Lady's Chamber. In the mean Time one passing by, takes up the Hat, crops the Flower, and leaving in the room thereof a Rose of a stronger Savour, covers it with the Hat, and depart. Presently after comes the *Scotchman* leading of his Lady, expressing the Rarity of the Flower, and that 'twas his Fortune to find it, and that none but her Virgin-hand was fit to pluck it. Where is the Flower, quoth she, you so much commend? Here, sweetest Lady, answer'd he, carefully cover'd with my Beaver; and with that (carefully removing it) discovers the Flower in a smocking Fragrancy. The *Scotchman* blushes, the Lady rails. What he then thought, or how her dainty Nostrils took it, is left to the Reader's Conception.

182. A Scholar in *Oxford* was often sent to by a Citizen there for Money, which he pretended was due to him; and finding his Answer not according to his Expectation, he took the Boldness to go to him himself, and modestly said to him in private, Sir, there is some Money between you

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and I. Say you so, says the Scholar, I pray where is it, we will divide it if you please? Sir, says he, I have taken your Word for it hitherto. Truly, says he, so you are like to do till you are paid.

183. A Bishop in the Time of Superstition, going his Visitation, and coming to a Town where they had newly built their Steeple, and put their Bells out to be new cast, the Bishop coming near, and hearing no Bells ring, asked one of the Towns-men in a Fume, What, have you no Bells in your Steeple? No, my Lord, says he. Then, says the Bishop, you had best sell your Steeple. Why so, my Lord, says he? Because, says the Bishop, it stands void. Truly, my Lord, says he, we had better sell another Thing in our Church. What's that, says the Bishop? Truly, my Lord, says he, 'Tis our Pulpit; for I assure your Lordship, we have not had a Sermon in it these seven Years, nor I think shall, but our Bells I am sure we shall have suddenly.

184. Mr. *Amner*, with some Friends of his, being invited to the Funeral of a Gentleman, not far from *Windsor*, whither being come, and finding the House full of Company, they were contented to sit them down in an Arbour; and having sat a considerable Time, after they had been served with Rosemary and Gloves, Mr. *Amner* went into the House to enquire how long it would be before the Corpse went to Church? But finding it already gone, he came hastily to his Friends, saying to them, Come, come, what do you mean to stand sitting there? They are gone, (and pointing over the Pales) shewing them the Corpse, and the People in the Field, do you not see? They are out of Sight already.

184. Two

184. Two quibbling Scholars travelling towards *London*, overtook a Country Yeoman, who was going the same Journey, and kept Company with him, and they all coming to their Inn at Night, the Scholars asked the Countryman, what they should have for Supper? But he (not curious) reffer'd it to them, who intending to put a Jest upon him, bespoke a large Capon and two Pigeons. The Countryman, who had fasted all Day, began to think it long e'er Supper was ready (the Cloth being spread) the Meat came up; Grace being said, one Scholar took one Pigeon on his Trencher, and t'other the other. The Countryman seeing they carved him none, took the Capon upon his Trencher, and fell to cutting and flashing of it, and eat as fast as he could, which made the Scholars somewhat angry, but he took little Notice of it; saying, Gentlemen, this Supper is very well order'd, every Man a Bird

186. When *Henry VIII.* dispatched Bishop *Bonner* as an Ambassador to *Francis I.* King of *France*, being at that Time greatly incensed, he uttered many harsh Words against the *French King*, and in these, and no other Words, I charge thee, says he, deliver my Embassy: But the Bishop made Answer, Sir, if I should salute him in such gross and despiteful Terms, and in his own Court too (forgetting the Title of an Ambassador) he can do no less than take off my Head. Thy Head! reply'd the King, if he should dare to offer it, Twenty Thousand of his Subjects shall answer for that of thine. Aye, but, says the Bishop, by your Majesty's Favour, I am doubtful whether any of those Heads will fit my Shoulders so well

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as, that I have on. At which Words, the King somewhat pacified, gave him Leave to deliver his Message in what Language he thought best.

187. A Man and his Wife were striving for Mastery, who should wear the Breeches, when (in the Interim) one knocks at the Door, which occasioned a Cessation of Blows for a Time, whilst the good Man steps to the Door, and asked the Party who he would speak withal; who told him, with the Master of the House. Stay, Friend, says the Man, but a little while, and I will resolve you, for as yet the Case is doubtful. So stepping in, his Wife and he went to it again, till at last she yielded him the Victory; which being obtained, he goes again to the Door. Now, Friend, says he, thou may'st speak with me, I am the Master of the House, but I could not tell thee so before, till my Wife and I had decided the Controversy.

188. A *Templer* going at *Christmas* into *Yorkshire*, to see his Father, took some other *Templers* along with him, and upon one of the Holidays he carried them to an Ale-house hard by, where the Woman was deaf; coming thither, O! my young Master, says she, I have not seen you these seven Years. Then he (thinking to abuse her) drank to her, saying, Here's to thee, and to all the Rogues, Whores, and Bawds in *England*. She seeing his Lips go, but hearing him not, said, Come, Sir, I'll pledge you, for I know you drink to your Father and Mother, and those good Gentlewomen your Sisters.

189. A merry conceited Parson riding from *London* to *Colchester*, in a very rainy Day, came about Noon to an Inn in *Chelmsford*, and having given

given the Ostler his Horse, went into the Kitchen, where was a good Fire so encompassed with unmannerly Company, that the Parson could get no Room: Whereupon he calls to the Ostler, Fetch me a Peck of those Oysters which are to be sold at the Gate, and give them my Horse: Your Horse, Sir, reply'd the Ostler; will your Horse eat Oysters? I pray try, said the Parson. The Country Fellows hearing what he said, left the Fire to see the Wonder. In the Interim, the Parson had his Choice of Seats, and fixed himself in a great Chair next the Fire. The Ostler having made Tryal, brought the Oysters back again, saying, Sir, your Horse will not touch them. Well, says the Parson, if he will not, bring them in hither, and I'll see if I can. The Country Fellows perceiving the Plot, leered one upon another, laughed, and were ashamed to stay there any longer.

190. Two Country Attorneys riding Home from the Term, overtook a Carter, and began to jeer him, asking him, Why his Fore-Horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The Carter (knowing them to be Lawyers) reply'd, Know you not that? I will tell you, My Fore-Horse is a Lawyer, and they that follow him are his Clients.

191. A Fellow coming up to *London* with an Hundred Pounds in Gold, in his Pocket bagged, was way-layed by a Drawer, who had made some Discovery of the Purchase, and being a Master of his nimble Mystery, watched his Opportunity in *Fleet-Street*, and filched his Pocket of it: The Fellow (a short Time after) putting his Hand into his Pocket, missed his Bag of Gold, and did rightly imagine what Artist had been there; but

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casting about, thinking by what Means to recover it, he with a heavy Heart and a light Pocket, goes to *Newgate*. and there made his Complaint to the Clerk his Kinsman, who promised that he would do all he could for him; in order to which, he told him, That he would invite some Gentlemen to a Treat at the *Dog-Tavern*, and he should be there, upon this Condition, That if at that Time he should there find his Hundred Pounds in his Pocket, he should pay the whole Reckoning; but if not, he should only pay his equal Share of it. The Gallants (as appointed) met in the Evening, the Meat comes up, with Plenty of Wine, they are freely merry, and the Countryman feeling in his Pocket, felt his Bag and Money again; which Question being asked him by the Clerk, he confessed he had it: Then, quoth the Clerk, you must pay the Reckoning. But he very ungratefully broke his Promise, and (being re-possessed of his Gold) call'd to pay, told Noses, and flung down his Proportion only toward the Reckoning (it being about Ten o'Clock at Night) departs, and goes towards the *Bell-Savage*, where his House stood. But immediately after, followed him in the Dark, a nimble Spirit, who jostled him, ran a sharp Awl into his Breech, and with the other Hand did such Execution upon his Gold Pocket, that he lost it again beyond all Possibility of Redemption. The Diver (in the Dark) goes clear off without Pursuit; and now after this twice-fool'd Fellow had rubbed his Breech a while, and discover'd that the Golden Angels were again fled from him, in a very wrathful Humour, being well heated with Wine, ran back immediately to the

Black.

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Black-Dog-Tavern, where the Company were still entire, as he had left them. He begins to challenge them, that some of them had followed him, and had got his Purse with an Hundred Pounds in it. The Master of the House assured him, that not one Man had stirr'd out of the House since he went away. Notwithstanding he picks out a Person whom his disorder'd Imagination suspected (by the Glimpse he had of him in the Dark) attacheth him, and prosecutes him, who was forced to hold up his Hand at the Bar for it, and cleared himself; so that my Country Gull, after he had made a Repetition of the whole Business in open Session, the Judges and all the Spectators laugh'd him out of the Court, for an ungrateful Penny-wise Pound-foolish Coxcomb.

192. *Ben Johnson* being one Evening at a Tavern-club, seated at the Upper-end of the Table; amongst his ingenious Sons, and speaking Poetry, was often interrupted by a Country Gentleman, who would permit no other Discourses to pass about but what tended to Tilling and Husbandry: What rich Pasture-Ground was in his Country, the Prices of Corn, and Cure of Cattle; which did so incense *Old Ben*, that he could forbear no longer, but let fly at him in this Language: Thou Clod, why dost thou mingle thy dirty Discourse with our sublime Fancies? I tell thee, For every Acre of ~~thy~~ ^{thine} Land, I have ten Acres of Wit. Have you so, Sir, replied the Gentleman? I cry on Mercy, good Mr. *Wise-Acre*. *Ben Johnson* was so highly taken with the Jest, that he swore he was never so prick'd by a Heb-nail in his Lifetime.

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93. A stout strong Fellow that lived in the West Country, who was the most famous in all those Parts for many Recreations, as pitching the Bar, throwing the Weight, Foot-Ball-playing, Riding, Wrestling, Fencing, so that none in his own Country durst oppose him. But one Day being in the Company of some North Country Men, they were as highly commending a Person in the North, for all such like Exercises, which did so trouble the West Country Champion, that he having enquired his Name, Quality, and Place of Abode, the next Morning saddled his Horse, and rode a great Journey from West to North to encounter him; but being come to his House near a Park, and asking for him, was told, That their Master was not at Home, but if he pleased to walk into the Park, about two Bows Shot, he should there find him alone. The Western Hero alights, and with his Horse in his Hand, came to the Place, where he found him nailing of a Pale, with a Countenance very grim, and a Tongue very silent; to whom the West Countryman applies himself in this Form, and told him, Sir, I have heard much of your Renown for active and strong Exercises; they say you are the only Man magnified in the North, and I having as great Fame in the West, have undertaken this long Journey to you, that you and I may have a Tryal of Skill, which of us two shall gain the Conquest, and bear the Name of Victor. The North Countryman, without saying any thing in Answer, surveying his Dimensions from Head to Foot, comes to the Western *Hector*, put his Hand under his Twist, pitched him over the Park-Pales, and falls to Work again. The West Countryman

tryman rises up well satisfied, having no more but this to say, Pray Sir, throw my Horse over too.

194. A Gentleman travelling into *Norfolk*, by Chance lost his Way; and coming into a Village, and seeing a Man stand at his Door, asked him, Which was the Way to *Norwich*? The Man (as many do) ask'd him from whence he came? What's that to you, says he, from whence I came? You say true indeed, says the Man, 'tis nothing to me whence you come, or whither you go. And with that whipt in and shut the Door upon the Gentleman, who else would have whipped his Jacket for him. So he did advise all his Friends, if ever they travelled into *Norfolk*, never to call at that Man's House, which he, poor Heart, thought a great Punishment for him.

195. A *Frenchman* was scoffing at the *Englishmen's* Humours, because they did so admire their Nation: Faith, Friend, says the *Englishman*, you are mistaken, for we in *England* do esteem you, as you in *France* do our Hounds for Pleasure.

196. A great Divine being extremely sick, a Physician was sent to him; and when he came, he asked him the Cause of his Distemper. And finding the Physician to falter much in his Discourse, he told him plainly, he would take none of his Physick: For, says he, if he be not able to tell me the Cause, I am sure he is less able to take it away: And had him turned out.

197. A Person of Quality in this Kingdom, amongst other Gentlemen, did often meet at a Bowling Green, which stood next to the Church-Yard; and the Parson of that Church had this Benefit, That if any did swear there, he was to

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have Twelve-pence for every Oath : This Person aforesaid happened to swear a *Goliath* Oath, upon which the Parson demanded Twelve-pence, which he gave him ; and after that swore many others, for which he paid Twelve-pence a-piece ; and then swearing another, he demanded Twelve-pence as before. Then he plucked out of his Pocket a Twenty Shilling Piece, and bid him give him Nineteen Shillings again ; Sir, says he, I cannot. Why then, says he, Take it, for I intend to swear it out.

198. A lusty young Man was earnest with his Father to be married, and after much Importunity he was married to a Neighbour's Daughter ; he had not been married six Months, but he looked so bad, and was so ill and so feeble, that he could scarce stand upon his Legs. A little after he espied a Butcher running over a plough'd Field after a mad Bull ; then he asked him, why he did so ? He told him, to tame him. O ! says he, Let him be married, let him be married, if that do not tame him, I will be hanged.

199. A Widow in *Norwich* did desire a Gossiping Neighbour of hers to get her a Husband, not for any carnal Desire she had, but only to look to her Estate, which she found too great and troublesome to look after herself ; and about three Days after the Woman came and acquainted her, that she had provided her a very good Husband, that was rich, discreet, and very industrious, but only wants you know what ; which I am sure you regard not, as you told me before. Why truly, says she, these are all very good Qualities ; yet I would not have him lack any Thing, that if we chance to fall out, may make us Friends again. 200.

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200. A great and discreet Lady was one Day disputing with a Physician, and asked him, Why he did always prescribe either Asses or Goats Milk for one in a Consumption? For, says she, Truly I think that the Milk of a Cow should be far better, as having better Flesh, better Feeding, and always better Blood and Humours. No, Madam, says the Physician, I do not approve of' your Opinion by any Means, unless the Patient be a Calf.

201. Two Baboons being to be seen, at their first coming to *London* Abundance of Citizens and others did resort thither to take a View of 'em, and did heartily laugh at their Uglinefs, and the strange Faces which they made; which a most motherly and very discreet Woman being present, did thus sharply rebuke them: Do ye think you do well to laugh at Strangers, who understand not your Language? If you were in their Country, you'd take it for a great Abuse, I warrant you, if they should laugh at you.

202. A Gentleman that had a great Wit, and was well beloved among the great Ones, and therefore invited often among them, but it seems had a very great Leg; he being at a Nobleman's Table, greedily caught at a Goblet of Wine. Says my Lord to him, Prithee *Jack*, drink it not, for it will hurt thy Leg. O! my Lord, says he, take no Care of my Leg, I take Care enough of that, for I always drink o'th' other Side.

203. A simple Fellow, it seems, before some Women did let a Crack behind; and then he bragged and said, That he had a very good Report behind his Back. 'Tis true, says another, thy Tail can talk indeed, and yet it knows no

Letter;

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Letter ; and tho' thy Tongue can talk sweeter, yet thy Tail can talk much better ; for that has more Wisdom in telling a Tale, than thy Tongue : And commonly thy Back-Tale is very long, and therefore every Body desires to have an End of thy Tale as soon as they can.

204. Divers *French* Courtiers passing over the new Bridge at *Paris* in *France*, espied a blind Man begging there, with the Balls of his Eyes so fair, that they thought him a Counterfeit ; then an Earl among them, who indeed was a Bastard Son of a great Prince there, said he would try the Experiment ; for if he can see, he must needs know me, for I do daily pass by here : Upon which he went immediately to the Beggar, and pulled him by the Nose ; at which the Beggar roared out, and called him bastardly Rogue. Look you there now, says he, did not I tell you he was a Counterfeit, he could not have known me else ? But the Count was much mistaken, for the Beggar was really blind ; and that Word Bastard was a common Word which he had daily in his Mouth to every one that did affront him, as you see this Count did.

205. A Gallant being a Suitor to a rich Widow, whenever he went to wait upon her in the Country where she lived, he would hire one Man or other to wait upon him thither, and never came twice with one Man. At last the Gallant being to go into the West, came to take his Leave of the Widow ; and when he had done, I pray, Sir, says she, let me take my Leave of your Man too. He asked her, what she meant by that ? O ! says she, there's more Reason that I should take my Leave

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Leave of him, than of you ; for happily I may see you again, but am confident I shall never see your Man again. Why, Widow, says he, this is a great Mistake in you now, for these that have waited on me hither, are all my own Servants that I keep at Board-wages, purposely to attend me, and look to my Horses ; and the Reason why I brought not one Man twice was, because thou shouldst see that 'twas a Man of Fortune came to wooe thee, by keeping so many Servants as I do ; and when we are married, my dear Widow, then thou shalt see them all together, and not before. Well, Sir, says she, I believe you say truly.

206. A Lord in this Kingdom that it seems by Mistake, had sealed to something one Day, for which he was very much troubled ; at last, after some Vexation and Grief for it, he called up his Man into the Chamber to him, saying, *Tom*, Was not I a Fool to do as I did To-day ? Yes, truly were you my Lord, says he, you were an arrant Fool for it. Sirrah, says he, tho' I call myself Fool, I do not allow you to do it too ; and kicked him out of Doors.

207. Two Gentlemen it seems one Night quarrelled at Gaming, and over-night one sent the other a Challenge to meet him at Six o'Clock next Morning at such a Place, upon his Honour. Hang Honour, says he, for we both are but Worshipful ; and withal tell him, 'Tis not my Custom (and I know 'tis not his) to rise before Eleven or Twelve o'Clock ; and bid him consider with himself, whether we should break our Rest to break our Limbs ? The other sent him Word, that if he did not meet him, he'd post him. Well, says he, tell him

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him if he does, I'll ride Post out of Town, and there stay till his Fury is over. So we see that some are in Post-haste to fight, and some in Post-hast to ride away.

208. A Gentleman that had more Mind to have Store of Money than to have a Wife, yet he found he could no Way supply himself so well as that Way, unless he sold some of his Estate; at length he was told by his Friend, that he might have a Gentlewoman with Fifteen Hundred Pounds, but she was ugly: Faith, says he, tho' my Occasions are very great for Money, yet I would be content with half the Money, till I fetch away the Bride.

209. A Company of confident Blades were each of them bragging what they could do, and how they would go upon any Exploit. Puh, says one among them, ye are all Cowards to me; for I dare go where a Prince cannot send his Ambassador. Then they asked him, where that was? He said, To go to Stool: For tho' an Ambassador represents the King's Person, yet he cannot do his Business for him that Way. Yes, yes, said they, we smell your Conceit, and therefore think you a Fanatick; for it favours too much of the Rump.

210. A vapouring Coxcomb introducing himself, as he did always, into all Companies where pretty Ladies were, was telling the Ladies how such a one gave him a Ring, and t'other a Favour, and t'other a Kiss, and Abundance more: A Gentleman that knew him very well, knew that he lyed in all that he said; and so whipped him in such Terms as he did not understand: For, says he, Ladies, you must believe this Gentleman; for
I have

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I have been often in his Company, and among very pretty Ladies too, and they have lov'd him so well, that they doated upon his very Absence; and when many Times he intruded himself among them, they would desire him to bestow his Absence upon them. Law you there now, Ladies, will you believe me another Time? says he.

211. A Fellow who was a very great Glutton, yet forsooth had a very great Mind to be married; that is, to marry a very rich Widow; and to that End, by his Letters got Admittance, and when he came, she saw the Man was comely enough, and well clad: But seeing him two or three Times feed so largely, she asked a Friend of hers, what he was? He said, he was a great Glutton: And when he came to speak with her about the Matter, he protested he loved her as well as he did his own Soul. By my Troth, Sir, says she, but I had rather you loved me so well as you love your Body.

212. Two Brothers that were Scholars in one College and Bed-fellows, did love tossing the Pot so much, that after all their Books were sold and pawn'd, then went their Cloaths; so that they had but one Suit, Hat, Gown, and Shoes and Stockings, so that one went Abroad with the Cloaths, and t'other laid a-Bed; and so they released each other Day by Day. At last their Father comes to Town, and sends for his two Sons. The one came: He asked, where his Brother was? He told him, he was to Declaim To-morrow, and was providing for it. The next Day the other Brother came, and his Brother took up his Quarters in the Bed; and so they served their Father two or three Days, and then he went to their Chamber

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Chamber privately, and knocked, and when he was in, he found the other in Bed: At last he found out the Cause, and removed them to another Tutor, who looked better after them.

213. An ingenious Cavalier in *Oliver's* Days, that was a Person of Quality, was then by the Protector's Order put into the *Tower*; and after he had been there a pretty while, says the Lieutenant of the *Tower* to him, Sir, I hope you like your Chear well, for I endeavour to provide the best for you, I'll assure you. Yes, truly, Mr. Lieutenant, says the Prisoner, I do not dislike my Fare; but whensoever you see that I do mislike it, then thrust me out of Doors, and I shall be so far from taking it ill from you, that I will think you have done me a Favour in it.

214. When *Dun* that kept the *Mermaid* Tavern in *Cornhill*, being in a Room with some witty Gallants, one of them (which it seems knew his Wife) too boldly cry'd out in a fantastick Humour, I'll lay Five Pounds there's a Cucko'd in this Company. 'Tis *Dun*, says another.

215. A Devout Gentleman being very earnest at his Prayers in the Church, it happened that a Pick-pocket being near him, stole away his Watch, who having ended his Prayers, miss'd it, and complained to his Friend, that his Watch was lost while he was at Prayers. To which his Friend replied, Had you watched as well as prayed, your Watch had been secure: Adding these following Lines:

*He that a Watch would wear, thus must he do,
Packet his Watch, and watch his Pocket too.*

216. King

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216. King *James* being in his Progress at *Woodstock* in *Oxfordshire*, the King finding it to rain so one Morning that he could not ride a Hunting, had got some of the Nobility and Gentry together, resolving to be merry : And one Humour was, that the King having that Morning a fine curvetting Horse given him, which kind of Horse he never liked in his Life, told them, That he that could tell the greatest Lye, should have that Horse. So one told one Lye, and another another ; and several had told others, so that there was great Laughing ; and just in the midst of this Mirth, in comes a Country Fellow, complaining to the King that some of his Servants had wronged him : Well, well, says the King, we'll hear of that anon : Come, come hither amongst us, and you must know that he that can tell the greatest Lye, shall have that Horse. Truly Sir, says he, an't please your Grace, I never told a Lye in all my Life. With that says the King, Give him the Horse, give him the Horse, for I am sure that is the greatest Lye that has been told To-day :

217. One said, he saw a Man cut a Purse, and gave it to his Wife to wear, which she did hang by her Side : But, says he, if you would cut a Purse, you may hang by the Side of the Gallows ; and tho' the Purse is so civil to them, as to keep safe whatsoever is put in it, yet whensoever they would have it out again, they are so uncivil to pluck the Purse by the Ears to open it, and at all Times do almost starve him ; for they tye up his Mouth from eating.

218. An honest Man that was a true Cavalier, was, when he came from the Wars, so reduced,
that

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that he was forced to turn Ale-draper, and his Sign was the *Rose* and *Crown*; and in 1649, the Rump forced him to blot out the *Crown*, but left the *Rose* still, as they thought to prick his Fingers; and when the King was restored, then he put the *Crown* on again, and wrote underneath, *The Case is alter'd.*

219. Two Gentlemen travelling into the Country, one of them had an Hundred Pounds in his Portmanteau, alighting from his Horse by a Wood-side to ease his Body, a Fellow comes out of the Wood upon him, with a Rabbit in his Hand, desiring the Gentleman to buy it of him; but he refused him, telling him, He knew not what to do with it, being troublesome to carry: Whereupon the Fellow whistles, and out comes a Second. Says the First to him, *Robin*, the Gentleman says, he won't buy the Rabbit. How's that, says the Second? But he must buy the Rabbit; and then he whistles, and out comes two more; to whom the Second says, Why, the Gentleman refuses to buy the Rabbit. How! refuse it, said they? But he must not refuse it; for he shall buy the Rabbit. The Gentleman looking one of them earnestly in the Face, knew him to be a Goldsmith that lived in *London*; upon which he replied, Well, Sirs, if I must buy the Rabbit, pray what is the Price of it? Says the Goldsmith, Only your Money in the Portmanteau. That's very dear, reply'd the Gentleman, to give an Hundred Pounds for a Rabbit. That's very true, said the Goldsmith, were it an ordinary Rabbit; but you never saw a fatter in your Life, and that is the Price, and you shall buy it. Well, says the Gentleman, if I must buy it, there's
your

your Money ; so they gave him the Rabbit. The Gentleman mounts his Horse, and in a little riding, overtakes his Friend, to whom he says, Since you left me, I have bought a Rabbit, and we'll have it for Supper ; you shall pay me what the Rabbit cost me, and for the Roasting, and I'll find Liquor to it. With all my Heart, replies his Friend. Coming to the Inn at Night, 'twas accordingly done. Supper being ended, he asked him, what he gave for the Rabbit ? Why truly, says the Gentleman, I had it cheap, it cost me but an Hundred Pounds. An Hundred Pounds ! said his Friend, sure you can't be in earnest ! Upon that, he tells him all the preceding Story ; and withal, that he did not doubt but to receive his Money again ; for he was well assured he knew one of them. Coming up to London a little Time after, he acquaints two or three Friends more of this Adventure, and they all agree to get a Parcel of *Bulloign* Silver, and send for this Goldsmith to a Tavern near his House, and offer it to Sale to him : They did so ; the Gentleman placing his Friends in the next Room, the Goldsmith comes upon the Summons. Sir, says the Gentleman, I have some *Bulloign* Silver, which I desire you to buy : What do you ask an Ounce for it, says the Goldsmith ? Seven Shillings and Six-pence. Why, Sir, that's a Price was never known, and I shall not throw away my Money at that Rate. So the Gentleman knocks with his Foot, and in comes one of his Friends, to whom he says, *Ralph*, This Man says he won't buy the Silver. How's that, says he ? But he shall buy the Silver. And so knocking with his Foot, in comes two more,

and

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and he tells them the same. How! Will you not buy the Silver? Sir, you must, and shall buy the Silver. The Guilt of the Goldsmith's former Fact flying in his Face, he returns the Gentleman his Hundred Pounds, and gives him and his Friends a Treat of Ten Pounds more, to prevent them from publishing it to the World.

220. A Gentleman tacitly drank the King's Health in *Oliver's* Days, by drinking a Health to *Oliver C*; that is, O live C. R. And likewise at another Time drank the King's Health as tacitly, when he drank a Health to the King of the *Jewe*, viz. I. Ireland, E. England, W. Wales, S. Scotland; which four Letters put together, makes up the Word *Jews*; and several of the Parliament Officers drank it also, not knowing what they did when they drank it.

221. A good sufficient Man that lived in the Suburbs in *London*, amongst other Things of his Estate, had a good large Field before, and then had newly purchased two Fields more; which made a Gentleman say, that he had purchased *More Fields*.

222. Queen *Elizabeth* was very much importuned by a Gentleman that was one of her Servants, for an Employment that then was fallen: Why, says the Queen, you are not fit for it. An't please your Majesty, says he, I can get one to officiate for me. I thank you indeed, says the Queen, for that, for so I may put in one of my Maids, and they can do as well.

223. There were two modest and civil *Whetstone-Park* Women that were scolding most comfortably in the Street together; and amongst their
virtuous

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virtuous Discourse of which there was great Store, to the great Satisfaction of all the Neighbourhood) that their Daughters might learn the better how to behave themselves: One called the other Whore: Faith, says she, and thou wouldst fain be a Whore too, but that thou art so ugly that no Body will lay with thee. What, you Whore, says she, I can have one for a Great a Night, and thank you too.

224. *Joan*, says a Man to a Woman, I will give thee Ten Shillings if thou wilt not answer me a Lye: And when she had took it, says he, Tell me true, Is thy Husband a Cuckold, or no? Upon this she answered him never a Word; and when he saw that he could not make her speak, he demanded his Ten Shillings again. Why, says she, did I make any Lye to you? No, says he. Then says she, I have won the Wager, and thou art ne'er the nearer for thy Question. Then he swore he never talk with a Woman again, that can revile a Man in Speech, and in Silence beguile him.

225. A Man was saying, That such a Man had an ill Opinion of him. O Sir, says another, there's your Mistake; for I assure you he stands well in his own Conceit. By my Troth, says a Third, so he had need; for he stands so in no body's else but his own.

226. Says a Fellow that had lost one of his Ears at *Newcastle*, for no Goodness, tis thought; when one told him this Story, 'Tis in at one Ear, and out at t'other: By my Troth, says the other, then there's a great deal of Wonder in the Travel of these Tales, for thy two Ears be two Miles asunder.

227. Says

120 *Coffee-House* JESTS:

227. Says a mad Fellow, 'Tis credibly reported that the Devil's dead ; I wonder who shall inherit his Land. O ! says a Man (that it seems had a very good Woman to his Wife) that shall be my Wife ; for I am sure she is the nearest in Kin.

228. There were two Scholars in the University, the one a great Eater, and the other a small ; says he that eat least, This Diet will make us good Scholars. 'Tis true, says t'other ; and 'This thin Dinner will make me study indeed ; that is, 'twill make me study how to get more Meat when this is gone.

229. *Pride* and *Hewson*, two *Oliverian* Colonels, the first a Dray-man, and the other a Cobler, being met together, they must needs be joking one with the other ; then *Pride* told him he saw a Piece of Cobler's Wax stick on his Scarlet Cloak ; Puh, says *Hewson*, a Handful of Brewer's Grains will scour it off presently.

230. It happened that *Oliver* was coming from *Hampton-Court*, in a very rainy Day in his Coach, which was very full, and *Hugh Peters* was on Horse-back riding by ; *Oliver*, out of pure Kindness, would have lent him a Coat to keep him from the Rain, but he refused it, and bid the Man tell his Master, That he would not be in his Coat for a Thousand Pounds.

231. A Cobler was sitting in his Shop singing merrily ; his Song was this, "*Tamerlane* was, and he was ;" and continued so singing, and nothing else, many Times together ; which a Gentleman that passed by, took Notice of, and said to the Cobler, Frithee, Friend, what was he ? Why, says the Cobler, As great a Fool as yourself, for
ought

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ought I know. Sirrah, says the Gentleman, you are a Rascal; come out, and I'll kick you. No, Sir, says he, 'tis no matter, I thank you for your Love as much as if I had it, for I don't want Kicking. Sirrah, says the Gentleman again, Come out, and I'll give you a Kick. No, Sir, says he, you need not trouble yourself, I won't come if you'd give me two.

232. A Gentleman that was a great Courtier to Ladies, and loved Hawking very much, was riding through *Burford* in *Oxfordshire*, and seeing a Fellow going Home with a Sheep's Head, says the Gentleman, 'Tis such Rogues as this is that make Dog's Meat so dear. And you, says the Fellow, 'tis that make Whores so dear; for formerly we might have had one for a Groat, but you have so raised the Price, that we can't get them now at an ordinary Rate.

233. A Cavalier in *Oxfordshire*, that was very zealous for his Loyalty to his Prince, and had suffered very much for it; he once meeting with some of the Rumpish Officers in *Oxford*, says one of them to him, God save you, noble 'Squire. And you, says he, if it be possible: For he did believe that all that were against the King could not be saved.

234. A Fanatick did advise his Neighbours to leave off all Wickedness whatsoever, especially that of the Flesh, and live altogether by the Spirit; for we holy Men all do so. Yes, says his Neighbour, I do believe you; for sure 'twas some Spirit that moved you to get your Maid with Child?

235. A Gentleman that came Home one Night drunk in the Winter time, was had to Bed; and

222 *Coffee-House* JESTS:

his Wife staying up long after, when she was going to Bed, she bid the Maid warm her Side of the Bed with the Pan; and as she was doing of it, by Chance burnt her Master's Thigh, which he felt not then, sleeping soundly. About three Days after, a Gentleman meeting him, asked him how he came so lame? Nothing, says he, but only burnt by a Whore.

236. The *French* Ambassador being at Dinner with King *James*, the King in Mirth drank a Health to him, saying, The King of *France* drinks a Health to the *French* King. Upon which the *French* Ambassador suddenly replied, The King my Master, is a good Lieutenant: for he holds *France* well for you. No, says the King, he holds it from me. Truly, Sir, says the Ambassador, it is no farther from you than it was.

237. A little Girl about twelve Years old, took her Sister, which was about two Years old upon her Back a Pic-pack; and running about the Room with it, said, Who'll buy my Pack? Who'll buy my Pack? At last her Father seeing no Body else would take Notice of her, call'd to her, and said, Come, I'll buy your Pack. With that she took the Child off her Shoulder, and gave it to her Father, saying, Here, take it, 'tis a Pig of your own Sow.

238. A Parson of a Parish was thought to be more familiar than ordinary with a Woman that had ten Children, and she told her Husband that nine were his, and no more. Well, says he, I never denied the Clergy their Due, and will not begin now to break that Custom; for I'll keep the nine, and give the tenth for his Tythe, as being rightly due to him.

239. A

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239. A little Boy being cutting some Bread and Butter, says his Brother to him, Why did you not cut me some, when you were cutting some for yourself, you Bastard you? Why, says he, d'ye call my Mother Whore, you Son of a B——? If I am a the Son of a B——, then you are a Whelp. And so are you, says t'other.

240. A Scholar coming Home from *Cambridge* to his Father, his Father asked him what he had learned? Why, Father, says he, I'll prove thot this Capon is better than the Blessing of God. How Zon, says he, come let's hear it! Why then, Father, says, Nothing you know, is better than the Blessing of God, and this Leg of the Capon is better than Nothing. Ergo, Tarbox, thou meanest, says his Father. Well, and what else canst thou do? Why, says he, I'll prove these two Chickens to be three? How's that, says the Father? Why, says he, is not one and two three? Well, says his Father, you have spoke very well: Here, Wife, says he, do thou take one, and I'll take t'other; and our Son shall have the third, 'cause he found it out.

241. After some Thieves had robbed a Gentleman of a great deal of Money, a Watch and Ring, and good Cloaths, that were in his Portmanteau; Sir, says his Man, must I give them the Hundred Pounds in Gold too, which is quilted in my Breeches?

242. A Fellow being so drunk, that he was fain to be carried Home on Mens Shoulders; as he was going, by Chance he espied two Men leading thro' the Street another Drunkard to his House also; when bursting out into a great Passion, he

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said, Is it not a Shame, that Men should be so drunk as to be led Home?

243. It seems one *Doll* was brought before a Judge for some Crime or other, which all believed was true, yet they could not prove it: Says *Joan* to her, Faith, *Doll*, how didst thou come off? Why, says *Doll*, I set a good Face on't By my Troth then, says *Joan*, thou didst borrow it; for I am sure thou never hadst one of thy own. Says *Doll*, If I can have one for borrowing, what need I keep one of my own?

244. A rich Usurer in *Oxford*, that had one Summer bought the Crop of Grass which was then standing in a large Meadow near *Maudlin Bridge*: But it seems it happened that Summer, that there fell great Store of Rain, which was succeeded by a great Flood, which came after the Grass was cut, and half made into Hay; which was almost all carried into the adjacent Rivers, and that which was left was all destroyed; he then comes very pensively to *Maudlin Bridge*, and leans upon the Wall, saying,

What, Grass; no, by the Mass;

What, Hay; no, by my Fay;

What, Fodder; ne'er Nodder;

What, Muck; the worst Luck.

245. The *Florentines* once sent an Apothecary for their Ambassador to *Alphonso*, King of *Naples*; who having acquitted himself elegantly, and with much Generosity at his first Audience, the King said, If the Apothecaries of *Florence* are such, what must we think of their Physicians? For the
Pills

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Pills of his Speech wrought stronger with me than e'er his other Pills did with any of his Patients ; alluding to the Family of *de Medicis*, who were then Governors there.

246. Two Widows that were devilish Scolds, and very litigious, had spent great Store of Money in Law, about a very frivolous Thing : A Friend comes to one of them, and told her, that her Enemy had removed her Suit into the Chancery : Well, says that Virago, let her remove it to Hell, I am sure I shall have a Lawyer to follow it ; for I am sure some of them have followed me to Hell for a Dinner.

247. A confident Physician demanded Money of another, for a Brother of his that was his Patient, and had been dead many Years before. The Gentleman told him indeed, That 'twas a Work of Charity to visit the Sick (which did belong to his Profession ;) but if he was in such Haste, and so earnest for Money, it were best for him to go and visit the Dead, and then he might be confident he should never want Money.

248. An humorous ancient Gentleman was so much used to drink Borage, Balm, Bugloss, and other Sorts of Garden Herbs in his Wine, all the Summer, that when Winter came, and no Herbs were to be had, he could not drink without putting a green Ribbon into the Glass, which no doubt gave him Satisfaction both in Taste and Smell.

249. A witty Fellow that was Clerk to two Justices of the Peace in *Oliver's* Days, that for a Bribe used to help Delinquents out at a dead Lift ; and being once speaking of two Justices, he said,

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One was the craftiest and subtlest Fellow in the World, but the other an arrant Dunce ; and said, He had as much ado to conceal a-Business from the one, as to make the other understand it.

250. A ridiculous and impudent Fellow, being laughed at by all that came into his Company, told them he had a certain Quality, which was to laugh at all that laugh at him : Faith, says one of his Companions, then thou livest the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom ; for I never saw any Man that ever came into thy Company but laughed at thee. Why then, says he, I hope I please them, if they laugh so heartily ; and those please that are best liked of.

251. An ancient Justice of the Peace was chid by a neighbouring Justice for marrying a Girl ; Peace, Brother, says he, hold thy Tongue, she'll be a Woman To-morrow ; for, says he, Wives are young Mens Mistresses, middle aged Mens Companions, and old Mens Nurses ; and now will you blame a Man to have a Nurse in his old Age ? No, says he, I do not blame you for having a Nurse ; but I blame you that you are not provided for Heaven, but that your Wife must do it. Why, says he. Don't you know whither all Cuckolds go ? O ! says he, now you put me in Mind on't, 'tis true, I have heard your Wife say many Years ago, That she was confident her Husband would go to Heaven, and now I find which Way ; and mum for that my dear Brother too.

252. A Gallant that had a very great Mind to be married, but more for Money's-sake, than for any Thing else ; at last a Gentleman of his Acquaintance hearing of it by a Letter from a Friend

of

of his in the Country, found one presently, as he thought a great Match for him, seeing he aimed at nothing but Money, and so went to him and acquainted him, that he had found out a very great Match for him: For says he, I know your Temper, and she has Eight Thousand Pounds to her Portion, but she is sufficiently ugly; which he hearing, shrugged up his Shoulders, and said, Indeed, Sir, I do confess the Money is a very good Match. Indeed, says the other, I think you have met with your Match. It may be, says he, I have met with my Match, but not with my Wife; for I will see her as low as her Eight Thousand Pounds, from whence it came at first, before I'll have any Thing to do with a bow'd Token.

253. A Man it seems that had to his Wife as good a Woman as any in *England*, but for Whoring, Lying, Swearing, Nastiness, and other such small Infirmities, which made him define a Woman rightly as he thought. Says he, Women are born in *Wiltshire*, brought up in *Cumberland*, lead their Lives in *Bedfordshire* (that is, in *Clot-Fair*, near *West-Smithfield*, till Twelve o'Clock every Day) then bring their Husbands to *Buckinghamshire*, and die in *Shrewsbury*.

254. One did advise a Nobleman that must live high) yet had no great Estate to bear it out) that he should do well to be only attended with Blackmoors, which would ease him of a vast Charge, especially if he would put all his Family into Mourning: for 'tis but turning of them naked at that Time, and they are in Mourning in a Trice. Why, says the Lord, that will be a Shame for 'em to go along the Streets so. No, no, my Lord,

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says he, 'tis natural for *Moors* to go naked, for more go so than cloathed.

255. A young Country Fellow went a wooing to a Country Lass, and he had on then a spick and span new Suit, with Silver Buttons also; and in all his Discourse with her, he used all the Art he could to make her take Notice of his Buttons; at last, when he saw that she would take no Notice of them at all: Well, says he, these Silver Buttons keep me so warm. Yes, says she, you had best lye in them all Night, lest you should take Cold this frosty Weather.



A Pleasant Story of *Two Lovers*, and of the *Bears*, and a *Sack-Poffet*.

Philander falls in Love with *Silvia*; they agree upon the Time of their Marriage, but have great Patience to stay till the Day appointed. They are prevented in their Design, and the Manner how.

256. **P**hilander having been an earnest Suitor to *Sylvia* for her good Will, at last he obtained his Desires to marry her; but before the Time appointed they agreed to the giving one another Benevolences before they were due; for effecting whereof Time and Place was appointed. *Sylvia* was the first Champion that appeared in the Field: *Philander* met with some Bellows by the Way,

Way, that retarded his Appearance at the Court of *Venus*.

Sylvia and her Hostess (having given him over for a lost Man) were once resolved to wait his Leisure no longer; but *Sylvia* was willing to spin out a little more Time, and busy herself in making a Sack-Poffet against his coming: The Sack-Poffet was made, but no *Philander* came; wherefore *Sylvia* takes the Sack-Poffet, and sets it upon the Cupboard's Head, and covers it with a Trencher and a Napkin, and setting the Candle by it, takes her Leave of the Hostess, and prepares herself for Bed, putting the Door only to, for fear her Sweet-heart should find any Difficulty in his Approach. Night brought all to Bed that were in the House; but it happened that *Sylvia* was no sooner got into her Bed, but the largest of three Bears, that a Bear-ward had taken Quarters for in the same Inn, lodging them in a little Stable that happened to be just underneath the Chamber where *Philander* and *Sylvia* intended to repose themselves. I say, the largest of these Bears scenting the Steam of the Sack-Poffet, broke loose, and happened to pull down a whole Pane in the Wall, that opened at the Foot of the Sair-case, that led up to *Sylvia*'s Lodging: Up Stairs climbs the Bear; *Sylvia* hearing some Body coming up, was in good Hopes it had been her Sweet-heart, that she thought the Party came up somewhat heavily, and trod more softly than *Philander* was wont to do.

[Enter Bear] *Sylvia* at last (perceiving so ugly a Creature coming in upon All-fours, winding with his Nose, and winking with his Eyes) links down into the Bed, but durst not cry out, for fear

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she should give the devouring Creature Notice of her being there. Now the Bear (scenting the Possiet) rises up an End, and with his Fore Paws, reits upon the Cupboard, and nuzzles the Trencher that cover'd the Possiet off from the Goblet; and thrusting his Snout into the hot kept Liquor, he so burnt his Nose, that he made a most fearful Noise; and endeavouring to leap down, his Nails so stuck in the Cupboard-cloth, that down comes the Sack-Possiet about his Ears, and the Candle into his Eyes, which the melted Tallow (with the hot Liquor) had so gotten into, and made them smart, that it caused him to roar, as if all the Devils in Hell had been in the Room: All this while the Bear's Claws were not dis-engaged from the Cupboard-cloth, nor the Cloth from what it covered; so that at last (with the Bear's striving) down comes the great canopy'd Cupboard, and all upon the Bear, who laboured to dis-engage himself from the Weight that was upon him (the Candle all this while lying upon the Ground, still blazing) the Bear at last got so near the Flame, that it set all the Hair upon his Back on Fire; whereat the Bear set up a wider Throat than all the Baitings that ever he had had, could force him to. *Sylvia* hearing a great deal of Noise besides what the Bear made, and receiving no Hurt as yet) thought that some Body had come in to her Rescue, and that the Bear roared by reason of their Correction; wherefore she took the Boldness to peep out of the Bed, but when she perceived a Thing all on Fire, and another Thing over it, stirring up and down, she began to be afraid of the Devil more than of the Bear. Wherefore she flings the

Cloaths

Cloaths over her Head again, and lay in a trembling Condition. The Bear disengaged of his Toil, left roaring, the Candle and the Hair went out, and all was quiet; the Bear fell to licking up the Possiet all about the Room; but there happening to be Sack in the Possiet, it so intoxicated the Bear's Brains, that wanting a Place to repose himself, he gets upon the Bed, and lays himself down half on, and half off the miserable *Sylvia*. The Bear-ward hearing the Noise, was rising out of his Bed to know the Cause of their Unruliness; but perceiving them to be quiet, went to Bed again.

By this Time *Philander* knocks at the Door; the Old Woman asked, Who's there? *Philander* cries, 'Tis I; Who are you? (said the Hostess) 'Tis I, *Philander*, don't you know my Voice? You know my Business well enough. Is't you? (said the Hostess) Is this a Time of Night? Well, I come. She slips on an old Petticoat over her Shoulders, and comes to the Door, and lets him in, telling him, That he was a fine Man indeed to have a Sweet-heart! Well, well, said *Philander*, get you to Bed, trouble not yourself: Where is she? Is she in the Chamber I bespoke? Ay, she's there, says the Hostess; can you find the Way in the Dark? There's a Light in the Chamber, and a Sack Possiet provided for you. Good Night, good Night, Old Woman, said *Philander*, and up Stairs he goes, and finds the Door open. He had not advanced three Steps into the Room, but what with the Slipperiness of the Boards, by reason of the Sack Possiet, down comes *Philander* all along; up again he gets upon his Legs, and having made one Step towards the Bed, over the

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Cupboard comes poor *Philander*, and breaks both his Elbows; he lyes still a while, and asks, Where am I? What have we here? At last he gets up, and was resolv'd to order his Steps more warily: At length he lays his Hand upon one of the Bed-posts, then he thought himself safe enough; when behold! falling down upon the Bed to take his Mistress in his Arms, he embraced the Bear; who being awaked with his Kindness, roared him forth such a Curtain-Lecture, as amazed the amorous Lover, so that (forgetting the Stumbling block that lay in his Way) he breaks his Shins against the Cupboard, and over and over he tumbles: In which Agony (mistaking his Way in the Dark, at the Bottom of the Stairs) instead of going out at the Door, he runs into the broken Place in the Wall that the Bear had made, and so tumbles upon the other two. (*Ba a*) cries one of the Bears; (*Ba-a, ba a*) cries the other too. *Philander* (imagining no less but that flying from one, he had fallen into Hell amongst all the Devils) scrambles from between them, and so recovers his Feet, but durst not make any other Use of them than standing upon them; till at last the Bears Unruliness made him venture farther off the Danger; so that he got close to the Manger, and then he knew where he was; up he gets into it, and from thence up into the Rack. The Bear-ward (having a second Alarm) rises out of his Bed, and came to see what was the Matter, where he soon perceived one of his Bears missing, and the Wall broke down where she had got out. Presently he raiseth the House, saying, He was undone! One of his Bears was broken loose, and was got away. Up they
all

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all rise, unchain the Dogs, search for the Bear, enter the Stable, and see where the Bear broke out; which whilst they were doing, they could hear a Voice from the Rack-side, saying, Do you hear? Do you hear? I know where your Bear is, with a Pox to you: They looked up and saw *Philander* among the Rack-staves, and asked him, Where? Where, says *Philander*, look that your Bears be safe, and I'll come down and shew you. They securing him from all Danger, he descends from his Pallisadoes, and directs them up into his Mistress's Chamber, giving the Bear-ward and the Dogs Leave to go before him; who finds the Bear fast asleep in *Philander's* Place; so that with much Ease they got the String into the Ring, and pulled the Bear from off the Bed. *Philander* turning down the Bed to see what was become of his Sweet-heart, there ascended such a Reek of baked, and boiled, and stewed, and roast Meat, that his Stomach was quite turned: She cries out to him, *Philander*, Be gone, get thee hence, thou comest not near me; I will have nothing to do with thee, e'en stay the Time. So they both concluded to stay till the Day of Marriage.



A Pleasant Story of Three Famous Surgeons.

257. **T**HREE Surgeons in their own Countries, were equally Famous, and all at one Time; the one in *England*, another in *Ireland*,

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land, a third in *Wales*. Now as all Men naturally enquire after such as are Eminent in their own Quality, so each of these by Rumour having heard much of the others Excellency, they had a great Desire to see one another, and were all in the same Thought. The *Irishman* comes over to enquire after both, or either, just when the *Englishman* was journeying towards *Wales*, and the *Welshman* towards *England*. These three by Accident met in one Inn, all Strangers to one another. Motion was made by the Hostess, in regard they were all single Men, that they might sup together: It was accepted of. After Supper they fell into Discourse of their Art. The *Irishman* extols one Famous in *England*, and another in *Wales*. The *Welshman* is as liberal in the Praise of an *Englishman* and an *Irishman*. The *Englishman* is as free in commending the other. After some Circumstances, they find themselves to be the same; many Interchanges of Courtesy pass between them, and the Table being drawn, they conclude all to lye in one Chamber. A great Fire was made, and some Heals passing round, at length says the *Englishman*, We are all famous for our Art practised on others; being so fortunately met, it were not much amiss if we practised something upon ourselves. The others as ambitious to make Tryal of their Skill gave Consent. The *Englishman* presently calls for a clean Wooden Dish, and having commanded the Hostess to leave the Chamber, takes his Incision-Knife, and opens himself before the Fire, rips up his Belly, takes out his Stomach or Paunch, and casts it into the Wooden Dish; then binds up his Body, as his Art taught him, without any Trouble of

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of Countenance ; which they seeing, notwithstanding cheared him up, and asked him, How he did ? He answered, Never better, only for the present he wanted a Stomach. They applauded his Canning. Then the *Irishman*, loth to be exceeded in his Art, with his Knife takes out one of his Eyes, with the Strings, and without Shew of Fear, or Sign of Pain, closeth up the Place with a Plaister, and lays it to the *Englishman's* Paunch in the Wooden Platter. The *Welchman* observing this, and scorning to be undervalued in his Art, leaps to his Sword, and takes it in his Left-hand, and cuts off his Right, stancheth the Blood, binds up the Wound, and casts it to the rest, as little moved as the other. This done, they deliver up the Paunch, the Eye and Hand to be kept safe, and delivered back to them in the Morning, and then to Bed they go. The Hostess laid these Things in the wet Larder, but her Daughter forgetting to lock the Door, about Break of Day, in comes the Sow, and eats up all in the Tray. The Hostess rising betimes in the Morning, going to see her Charge, finds all devoured, and no Sign of any Thing remaining ; she grows into great Perplexity for her Guests, grieving that she should be the Cause of their Deaths ; which her Daughter hearing, comforts her Mother thus : To satisfy your Guests in shew, and to avoid the Law, which we have incurred by our Negligence ; First, for the *Englishman*, they say the Paunch of a Hog or a Sow, is just like the Stomach of a Man or Woman. Our Sow is fat, and to be killed shortly, cut her Throat now, her Flesh will be never a whit the worse, and lay her Paunch in the Place of the other.

This

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This was no sooner advised, but put in Practice. But now, saith the Hostess, how shall we do for the *Irishman's* Eye? Oh! Mother, said the Girl, look but upon our Grey-ey'd Cat, and she hath such Eyes as he hath for all the World. The Mother apprehends, the Cat is taken, and suffers, and her Eye cast into the Tray instead of the *Irishman's*. That being done, What Shift, saith the Hostess, shall we make for the *Welchman's* Hand? Oh! Mother, said the Girl, but Yesterday a Thief suffered, and hangs still upon upon the Gallows, send quickly to the Place, and cut off his Hand, and lay it in the Place of the *Welchman's*. All is done, and when the Surgeons call, the Tray is carried up, and (as they think) every Thing accommodated in its own Place. The *Irishman* puts in his Eye, the *Welchman* fastens on his Hand, and every of them to outward Appearance, seems whole and sound. And being ready to take Horse, and part, says one of them, The Cure seems current for the present, but whether they be settled or permanent, may be a Question: Therefore, I hold it fit, that every one of us travel about our necessary Affairs, and meet here again in the same Place this Day Month, to give an Account of our Cures. It is concluded, the Day comes, and the Artists appear according to Promise. They first ask the *Englishman* concerning the State of his Body; who answered, He was never in better Health, nor never had so great a Stomach; for now no Meat comes amiss to him, raw or roasted: Besides he had much ado to keep his Nose out of every Swilling-Tub: Nay, he cannot see a young Child turn his Back.

Backside to the Wall, but he hath a great Mind to be doing with it. They question the *Irishman* concerning his Health; who answers, That he feels himself well, saving that he finds some Defect in that Eye; for when the one is shut and asleep, the other is open and awake: Besides, if at Midnight he hear a Rat or a Mouse stirring, he could not contain himself from stepping out of Bed, breaking his Shins so often, that they are never without Plaisters. They question the *Welshman* last, he protests he is well in Health, and that in his own Nature he is both of good Condition and Conversation; but ever since the rejoining of that Hand, he hath had much a-do to keep from stealing whatsoever stands in his Way, and from keeping it out of the next Man's Pocket.

A Preachment upon MALT.

458. CERTAIN Men of *Prisal*, returning from a merry Meeting at a certain Ale house, met in the Fields a Preacher, who had lately made a bitter Sermon against Drunkards, and among other opprobrious Words, called them Malt.worms: Wherefore they agree to take him, and by Violence compel him to preach a Sermon, and his Text should be MALT. The Preacher thinking it better to yield, than contend with them in their Cause, began his Sermon as followeth:
There is no Preaching without Division, and this Text cannot well be divided into Parts, because it is but one Word; nor into Syllables, be-
cause

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cause it is but one: It must therefore be divided into Letters, and they are found to be Four, *viz.* M A L T. These Letters represent Four Interpretations, which Divines commonly use thus: M. Moral, A. Allegorical, L. Literal, T. Tropological.

The Moral Interpretation is well put first, and first to teach you boisterous Men some good Manners, at least in procuring your Attention to the Sermon: Therefore, M. Masters, A. All, L. Listen, T. to the Text.

An Allegory is, when one Thing is spoken, and another Thing meant: The Thing spoken is Malt, the Thing meant is, The Oyl of Malt, commonly called Ale; which to you Drunkards is so precious, that you account it to be M. Meat, A. Ale, L. Liberty, T. Treasure.

The Literal Sense is, as it hath been often heard of heretofore, so it is true according to Letter, M. much, A. Ale, L. Little, T. Thrift.

The Tropological Sense appleteth that which now is, to somewhat following, either in this World, or in the World to come. The Thing that now is, is the Effect which Oyl of Malt produceth and worketh in some of you, *viz.* M. Murder, A. Adultery, L. Loose Living, T. Treason: And that which hereafter followeth, both in this World, and the World to come, is, M. Misery, A. Anguish, L. Lamentation, T. Trouble.

I shall now come to a Conclusion, and withal to persuade you boisterous Men to amend, that so you may escape the Danger whereinto many of you are like to fall. But I have Hopes to prevail, because I plainly see, and my Text as plainly telleth me,

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me; it is M. to A, that is, a Thousand Pounds to a Pot of Ale you will never mend; because all Drunkards are, L. Lewd, T. Thieves. But yet for discharging my Conscience and Duty, First, Towards God. Secondly, Towards my Neighbours: I say, once again, concluding with my Text, M. Mend, A. All, L. Leave, Look for T. Terror and Torment.

By this Time the Ale wrought in the Townsmens Brains, that they were become Hawks and Buzzard, nearer Sleeping than Waking; which the Preacher perceiving, stole away, leaving them to take their Nap.

The Jesuit and Friar.

259. **A** Jesuit preaching at the great Church in *Padua*, towards the End of his Sermon, he fell into a large Commendation of the Order of the Jesuits, extolling it above all the Religious Orders that then were, or ever had been in the World, giving God Thanks, that he had the Happiness to be of that Order, and in the Close of his Discourse, he told his Auditory that he would acquaint them with a Vision which he had lately seen. The other Night, said he, I dreamed that I was in Hell, where methought I saw Popes, Emperors, Kings, Queens, Cardinals, Bishops, Abbots, Monks, Fryars, and some of all Sorts of Men, both Ecclesiastical and Secular, but not one Jesuit amongst them all; which made me to bless God that ever I was born to be of so blessed a Society, which though it had sent so many Thousands of that holy Order to the Grave, yet never any of them

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them went to Hell; and so he concluded his Sermon with a fresh Encomium on the Society of Jesuits. The next *Sunday* after, a Dominican Fryar preached in the same Church, and he also, towards the End of his Sermon, fell upon the high Praises of the Order of the Jesuits; repeating much of the Jesuit's Sermon the Day before, and bewailing himself that it was not his Fortune to be of that holy Order, whereof none ever went to Hell, as the Reverend Father had told them the Day before; at last he told the People, that he had also seen a Vision, and dreamed likewise one Night that he was in Hell, where he saw Popes, Emperors, Kings, Cardinals, and all Sorts of Orders, as the Jesuit had notably shewed them the Day before; but not a Jesuit (said the Fryar) could be seen amongst them all. Then thought I to myself, O what a blessed Order is this, that there should not be a Jesuit there! and still I cast my Eyes all over Hell, wishing myself had been a Jesuit and not a Dominican, to see not one Piece of that Order there. At last methought I beckon'd a little Devil to me, and asked him softly in his Ear, Whether there were any Jesuits in that Place or no? He answered, That there were none there, but that they were kept in a Hell by themselves, which is a great Room under this, where (said the little Devil) there be Abundance of them; and they come hither so fast, that my Master *Lucifer* scarce knows where to bestow them; and besides, they are so unruly, that if they were not kept by themselves, every body would be soon weary of this Place: Adding withal, That his Master durst not let them have any Gun-powder, for fear they should blow up Hell itself.

Thro

Three Wishes produced but a Ladle.

260. **A** Poor Countryman had so spent his Time in true and honest Pain, contented and not murmuring, that Fortune seemed to smile upon him, as oft as he came to worship at her Temple, whither he oft resorted; the gracious Looks of the Goddess encouraged him to ask something more than before he used; and yet considering with himself, that too bold a Votary might be repulsed, he modestly bounded his Request with his Suit, that her Goodness would confer three Wishes upon him, which from the Oracle was answered, *Ratified, wish, and be happy.* The joyful Man acquainted his Wife straight, who had been the constant Companion of his Labours, was to have share in his good Fortunes, and desired of her Husband that one of those Wishes might be left to her Disposal. The good Old Man willing to gratify her, granted her Request: So to the Fair they came, whither they were bound, and the Woman casting her Eyes round about, to see what she should make the Choice of her Wish, at last (remembering what she wanted at Home) espied a handsome Wooden Ladle, which she forthwith wished for, and as soon the Thing was in her Hand; which her Husband seeing, and impatient at the Miscarriage of the first Wish, wroth with his Wife for her Simplicity, wished the Ladle in her Breech, which out of hand was instantly there. But the poor Woman (like a Fly with a Straw in the same Place) was so tormented, besides the Shame, that she desired her Husband, that as
he

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he ever hoped to partake of her Love, he would remove this Impediment: To which the good Man condescended, and in Charity to his Wife, wished it out again: So all the three Wishes went in and out with a Ladle.

A Providential Father.

261. **T**HERE was a Gentleman who was very discreet, and searching into the Natures and Dispositions of his Family, and finding amongst his Daughters that one, and one of the least and youngest, was ripest, and more requiring than the rest, very providentially provided her a Husband. The Virgin overjoy'd that her good Hour was come, could not contain and be content that the Servants should invite the Guests, but herself would needs speak to some of especial Familiarity with her, unwilling any should forestall the News to those, whom she wished in the same happy Condition with herself; which when she had done to her Play-fellows (for she was not well wean'd from that Society) they wonder'd, and said, (Good Lady!) Mrs. Dorothy, how comes it to pass that you are so forward, and leap over your Sisters Heads? We should never have believed it, but from your own sweet Lips. Truly (said she, smpering, and with her Handkerchief at her Mouth) it were presumptuously done, but that my Father, who knows me of an Egg, gave very Reason for it, for he said, (I know not what he meant by it) That some Eggs would hatch in an Oven, and that in hot Weather Things wo'n't keep without Salt.

The

The Vintner's Boy.

262. **T**WO Gentlemen being drinking in a Tavern, chanced so to fall out, that from Words they proceeded to Blows ; whereupon soon after ensued a Suit at Law : The main Witness to prove what was done, was the Vintner's Boy, who being subpoena'd and sworn at the Day of Trial, began to tell his Tale in this Sort : My Lord, said he, I live at the Sign of the St. Paul's Head, and by reason I draw to Gentlemen of the best Wine, they have given me the Appellation of *honest*, so that I am now commonly called *Honest John*. My Lord seeing him so impertinent in his Preface, called to him, and bid him speak to the Matter, for that was quite besides it. I'll warrant you, said *John*, you shall find it to the Purpose presently, and thereupon proceeded : My Lord, these two Gentlemen came in there to drink, the one of them his Name is Mr. B. the other Mr. F. it was about Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, and we had newly risen from Dinner : We had to Dinner that Day a Piece of boil'd powder'd Beef, and butter'd Turneps, and part of a roasted Breast of Mutton cold ; I could not eat very much of it, by reason I had gotten a Cold with sitting up late two or three Nights before. My Lord hearing him fly out thus again in his Impertinencies, bid him speak more home to the Matter, or else hold his Tongue for a Doe. My Lord, said *John*, I was sworn to speak the Truth, and all the Truth, and I am resolved to do it ; and so went on : These two Gentlemen asked for a Room, and I shewed them

them up into the Green Chamber, it was two Stories high, upon the Left-hand, as soon as you are up two Pair of Stairs. *Honest John*, said my Lord, if thou art so called, trouble us not with these Impertinences, but come to the Matter. I am about it, quoth *John*, and so proceeds: As soon as they were in the Room, they said unto me, Now, *honest John*, bring us up a Pint of the best Canary, which I did; it was of the furthestmost Pipe but one in all our Cellar, and we had no better Wine in all the House; it cost my Master Four and twenty Pounds the Pipe: As I was going up the Stairs, my Master called to me, and asked me whether I was carrying up that Pint of Wine, and I told him to the two Gentlemen. *John*, said my Lord, that is not the Question I asked you, but what passed betwixt these two Gentlemen? I shall tell you, quoth *John*, presently. When I had carried them up the Wine, and they had tasted of it, they told me that I was as good as my Word, and that it was the best Canary. But, said my Lord, What is this to the Purpose? Yes, said *John*, It is to the Purpose, and if your Lordship please to come thither at any Time, I shall draw ye of the same Wine, and then you will say that *honest John's* Words were true indeed. My Lord seeing no good to be done with *John*, bid them set him aside, which *John* took in very great Dudgeon, professing he had spoken nothing but the Truth, neither durst he speak any Thing but what was true, his Master bidding him before he came to have a special Care of what he said. After some other Witnesses being examined, the Council on the Plaintiff's Side began to speak in the Name

of

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of his Client (as the usual Custom is) saying, My Lord, we came into this Tavern with a peaceable Intention, only to drink a Pint of Wine with that Gentleman, where we were by him abused, beaten, and misused, and put in Danger of our Life. *John* hearing him say so, could forbear no longer, but stepping up, said, My Lord, that Fellow with the Coif there tells a most damnable Lie, for he says he was beaten and misused in our House, when (I can justify) that he never was in our House in all his Life.

A Taylor's Hell.

263. **A** Certain Taylor, who had in his Lifetime damned many a Piece of Stuff to Hell, at last chanced to fall extremely sick, and being in a Trance, he thought he saw all the Fiends of Hell mustered in his Chamber, where they displayed a Banner of sundry colour'd Silks which he had stolen, wishing that he might find them all in Hell. This Vision so affrighted him, upon his Recovery he reformed his Life, carried Home what was remaining of any Garment, and laid a special Charge upon his Journeyman, That if any Stuff brought in fell out too large, if he saw his Fingers inclined to filch, that he would put him in Mind of the Vision. Not long after, a Captain of a Ship brought him some Velvet to make him thereof a Pair of Breeches, which being too much, he snipt away Three Quarters of a Yard of it under his Shop-board: His Journeyman seeing this, called to him, and said, Remember the Vision, Master. Peace, Knave, said he,
G Peace,

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Peace, there was not one such Colour as this in all the whole Flag.

A Witty Thievish Answer.

264. **A** Fellow that was weary of going on Foot, espying a luttie Gelding in a Pasture, was resolved to ride, but having no Bridle (and a Halter being ominou:) he was forced to embrace the Brute about his Neck, and with all Speed made to the Road: But the Owner being in some Grounds not far off, and espying the Cheat, made after him undiscovered, and being very well mounted, overtook this rank Rider; and enquiring of him the Reason of his Speed, the other said, Sir, are you in a good Hour the Master of this wild Jade? In a good Hour I an, said the Gentleman; for Half an Hour later I believe had alter'd the Case. In Troth, Sir, said the Thief, it is the Joy of my Heart that you have thus happily overtaken me, for this head-strong Jade might very well have ran away with me: Or else, said the Gentleman, you have run away with him, for therein was most Danger; but howsoever I will ease you of that Trouble; and so dismounting him, forced him to walk on Foot the next Village, where at the Whipping post he had the Price of his Postage scored up upon his Back.

The Countryman and Mastiff Dog.

265. **A** Poor Man having a Pike-staff on his Shoulder, and travelling through a Country Village, a great Mastiff Cur ran mainly at

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at him, so that hardly he could defend himself from him. At length it was his Chance to kill the Dog, for which the Owner immediately apprehending him, and bringing him before a Justice, alledged that he had slain his Servant, which defended his Life, House, and Goods, and therefore demanded Satisfaction. The Justice leaning more in Favour to the Plaintiff, as being his Friend, Neighbour, and Familiar, than to the Justice of the Cause, reproved the poor Fellow very sharply, and peremptorily commanded him to make Satisfaction, or else he would commit him to Prison. That were Injustice, replied the poor Man, because I killed him in Defence of my own Life, which deserveth much better Respect than a Million of such Curs. Sirrah, Sirrah, said the Justice, then you should have turned the other End of your Staff, and not the Pike; so the Dog's Life had been saved, and your own in no Danger. True, Sir, quoth the Fellow, if the Dog would have turned his Tail and bit me with that, then we both had parted quietly.

Much ado about Nothing.

266. A Brace of Students who were kept short of the College-Fines (for that was Meat for their Betters) while their Seniors were sharing that Money, walked in their Grove (taking the fresh Air without any Contradiction of Superiors:) At last one of them makes this Supposition, If thou or I now should happily find a Purse of Gold, how should we divide it? They were you must conceive of different Degrees, one Master, the

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other Bachelor of Arts. The Master of Arts, like the Lion, asked the greatest Part; the other said No: *Simul occupantes, æque dividentes*: Equal Purchase, equal Share. The Master would not forego his Privilege of Seniority; the Junior insisted upon his Title to half. At last it grew so hot that they fell to Cuff, and bang'd one another very soundly, until weary of their Blows, they began to examine each other of the Ground of their falling out, which was no other than about their Dividend of a Purse of Gold which was never yet found.

King Henry VIII. and the Abbot.

267. *H*ENRY VIII. being Abroad Hunting, thro' the eager Pursuit of his Game lost his Attendants; at length he wander'd to the Abbey of St. *Alban's*, where (unknown) he dined with the Abbot, and fell so stoutly on, that the Abbot taking Notice thereof, said, He would give an Hundred Pounds he had so good a Stomach; for, quoth he, my Stomach is so squeamish, that I am ready to surfeit with the Leg of a Lark, or the Wing of a Partridge. The King remembering his Words, the next Day sent for him up by a Couple of Pursuivants, and without shewing any Reason, clapped him into the Tower, where he was fed for a Fortnight with only Bread and Water. At last the King sent him a Rib of Roast Beef, on which he fed so heartily, and made so deep an Impression, that the King stepping from his Coverture, wherein he stood to see what the Abbot would do, demanded of him his Hundred Pounds; saying,
Since

Since I have been your Physician, and recovered your Stomach, pay me my Money; which the Abbot was forced to do.

*Another of King Henry VIII. and the
Abbot of Glaffenbury.*

268. **T**HE same King Henry having a Month's Mind to the Abbot of *Glaffenbury's* Estate (who was one of the richest Abbots in *England*) sent for him to his Court, and told him, that without he could resolve him three Questions, he should not escape with his Life: The Abbot willing to get out of his Clutches, promised his best Endeavours. The King's Questions were these: First, Of what Compass the World was about? Secondly, How deep the Sea was? and Thirdly, What the King thought? The Abbot desired some few Days Respite, which being granted, he returned Home, but with Intent never to see the King again, for he thought the Questions impossible to be resolved. This his Grief coming at last to the Ears of his Cook, he undertook upon Forfeiture of his Life, to resolve these Riddles, and free his Master from Danger: The Abbot willingly condescended. So the Cook put on the Abbot's Cloaths, and at the Time appointed, went to the Court, and being like the Abbot in Physiognomy, was taken by all the Courtiers to be the same Man: When he came before the King (omitting other Circumstances) he thus resolved his three Questions: First, Of what Compass the World was about? He said, It was Twenty-four Hours Journey, and if a Man went as fast as the Sun, he might easily go it in that
G 3 Space.

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Space. The Second, How deep the Sea was? He answered, Only a Stone's Cast; for throw a Stone into the deepest Place of it, and in Time it will come to the Bottom. To the Third, which I conceive, says he, your Majesty thinks the most difficult to resolve, but indeed is the easiest, that is, What your Highness thinks? I answer, That you think me to be the Abbot of *Glastenbury*, when as indeed, I am but *Jack* his Cook.

The Judge and Felon.

169. AN impudent Felon, who had many Indictments brought against him, the Judge seeing his Case so foul, said unto him, Sirrah, if you be not hanged, I'll be hanged for you: To whom the Felon replied, I thank your Honour for your kind Offer; and I beseech you not to be out of the Way, for I doubt I shall have Occasion suddenly to use you.

*This was a Rogue in Grain. to make a Jeer
Of that which did concern his Life so near;
And for his Impudence, deserv'd to wear
A riding Knot an Inch below his Ear.*

Another.

270. ANother Felon who was brought to the Bar for slighter Villanies, yet his Adversary endeavoured to hang him; the Felon (it being the first Fault) had the Benefit of the Clergy, and to provide himself (being illiterate) had learned his *Latin* Neck verse by Heart in the Prison; but when

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when he should come to read there was none but an *English* Bill could be found; wherefore he was commanded to read in that, which was all one to him, *Latin* or *English*, for he could say nothing but what he had learned by Heart before; which his Adversary minding, spake to the Judge, and said, Your Honour may perceive that he cannot read at all, for he pronounces *Latin*, and the Bible is *English*: But my Lord being willing to save the Thief, told him, That he judged him to be the better Scholar for that, which could on such a sudden turn *English* into *Latin*.

*This Judge was merciful, or I suppose
The Felon must have took the Hangman's Dose:
Tho' he could nothing read, then at his Need,
The Judge so read his Cause that he was freed.*

The Felon and his Wedge of Gold.

271. **A** Felon in travelling was Money-less and hungry, wherefore to supply his Belly, he set his Wits on work: Coming by a Knight's House about Dinner-time, he knocks at the Gate, and enquires for the Steward, who coming to him, he asks him if his Master would buy a Wedge of Gold of a Foot and a half long? The Steward imagining he had such a one about him to sell, invites him in, and tells his Master of it. The Knight hearing of such a Prize, bids his Steward to make much of him, and feast him with the best. After Dinner the Knight sent for him into his Parlour, and asked him if he would speak with him? Yes, said the Fellow, I came to know

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if you would buy a Wedge of Gold of a Foot and a half long. The Knight told him, Yes, he cared not if he did. Then said the Fellow, Now that I know your Mind, if I should find one of that Length, I will bring it to you.

*A Knight and's Steward to be thus out-witted,
The Fellow with a fly Jest them well fitted;
They thought by a Meal's Meat much for to save,
But Proverb says, All covet, Nothing have.*

A Conjuring Tale.

272. **A**T such Time when Perukes were as scarce as Money is now amongst most Men, a Gentleman who had lost his Hair by a Fit of Sickness, was forced with the first to make use of one of them. It happened that he and his Boy that attended on him, riding down into the Country, there fell such a Shower of Rain, which continued so long, as obliged them to take up their Lodging at a paltry Ale-house in a Country Village, where seeing the Weather prove so bad, he was resolved to lie there for that Night: After some short Commons, which went by the Name of a Supper, the Gentleman was conducted to his Lodging Chamber, which was hung with Cobwebs instead of Cloth of Arras; his Boy also was shewn to another Chamber, something inferior you may be sure to that of his Master's; which was also richly hung with Spiders Tapestry. Whilst the Gentleman was making himself ready, the Maid peeped in at a Hole under the Door (which was made for the Cat to go out and in) that when he was a-bed she:

might fetch away the Candle. Having undressed himself, he pulls off his Peruke, and sets it upon a Stool by him; which the Maid perceiving, verily imagined that he had pulled off his Head; and so conceited she was of it, that she ran down to her Dame, telling him, That the Gentleman who lodged there, was no other than an arrant Conjuror, for she saw him with her own Eyes pull off his Head, and set it on the Stool by him; and if she doubted any Thing of the Truth thereof, if she would go up, she might see it standing there at that present. Her Dame, tho' something hard of Belief of what she heard, yet to satisfy her Maid's Curiosity, went up; where peeping likewise in at the Hole, and seeing it upon the Stool, she was then of the same Opinion with her Maid; and so fearful they were both thereof, that neither of them durst fetch the Candle; and the Gentleman was forced to put it out himself. That Night was spent in a great deal of Fear, they judging that bad Weather to proceed from the Conjuror, and expecting yet worse; but when in the Morning they saw all fair, and a serene Sky, they changed their Opinion, and that tho' he was a Conjuror, yet that now he would do no more Harm. Whilst they were now enter'd into this good Opinion of him, one of her Neighbours came in who had lost a Horse, whom he judged to be stole, for which he made a great Complaint. Hold your Peace, said she, I can tell you a Way which I warrant you will fetch your Horse again: We have a Conjuror that is now lodged in our House, who for half a Dozen of Beer, I question not but will do your Business: And therewithal

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she went up to the Gentleman, acquainting him with her Neighbour's Loss, and desiring his Assistance for the gaining him again; for, said she, I know you have Skill in the Black Art, my Maid and I seeing your Head last Night upon the Stool, when as the rest of your Body was gone to Bed. The Gentleman-perceiving her Folly in her grand Mistake, and willing to have some Mirth after his wet Journey, told her, That for her Sake he would do his best Endeavour for her Neighbour; and that when he was ready, he would raise a Spirit which would quickly tell him where the Horse was. The Woman overjoy'd at these Words, ran down and told her Neighbour that he would have his Horse again within an Hour, and that if he would stay so long, he should see him come galloping to him again in a full Career. This News pleased the Fellow so well, that he resolved to stay. In the mean Time the Gentleman was consulting with himself how to bring his Purpose the best Way to effect: In order thereto, he told his Boy that he must act the Part of a Devil; and to personate him the better, whilst I am gone down to speak with them about the Business, do you turn your Coat the wrong Side outwards, and creep under the Bed, where you must lie till I speak these Words, *Elhawareuna, Plonfontbonchya, Heydonicus Towronus Dungeonis Keptoribus*; then do you come forth from under the Bed, and make as hideous a Noise with your Mouth as you can possible. The Boy promised to do as he bid him; and when his Master was gone down, he went about his Business; but remembering with himself, that in the Chamber where he lodged, there lay a

raw Bull's-Hide, left there by some Butcher, he thought that would personate the Devil far better than his Coat; and thereupon he suddenly fetched it, and wrapped himself therein, with the Horns appearing just over his Head; which having done, he crept under the Bed, expecting the Event: Soon after he was fixed, came up his Master, the Dame, the Maid, and the Fellow that had lost his Horse; when the Gentleman having a Chalk-stone in his Hand, marked them every one out a Circle; then placing them therein, he bid them not to stir out of them, whatever they saw: So pulling a Book out of his Pocket, he began to read some hard uncouth Names, and at last came to those Words, *Elbavareuna*, &c. when the Boy made his Appearance from under the Bed, with a great Pair of Horns and a bellowing Noise: His Master, who knew not of his Boy's new Invention for acting the Devil, seeing such a hideous Thing to appear, thought it had been the Devil indeed, who had come to have punished him for undertaking to conjure, and thereupon he ran as fast as he could drive, making but one Step from the Top of the Stairs to the Bottom: The Woman and the Man seeing the Gentleman run, thought likewise the Devil was come to fetch them for being Spectators, and thereupon ran as fast as he, tumbling down the Stairs on the Neck of one another. The Boy seeing them all run in such Disorder, thought also that the Devil was indeed come for him for acting his Part, and therefore he began to throw off his Covering; but he had before fastened it unto him, that seeing he could not pull it off, he ran with it on; when coming to the

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Top of the Stairs, the Hide so wrapped about his Legs, that it threw him from the Top to the Bottom amongst them; when they hearing the Horns to make a clattering, so shrieked and bellowed as if the Devil had been amongst them indeed. Sad was the Effects of this their Conjuring: One had his Nose broke, another his Shins, some hurt their Elbows, some their Thighs, and others their Backs, the Gentleman lost his Peruke, the Women fell with their Heels upwards; and to conclude, not any one of them sped so well, but he had more Occasion for a Surgeon than a Conjuror.

*This was a merry Devil play'd this Prank,
Altho' his Master gave him little Thank:
Well may we judge the Times must needs be evil,
When as that Boys begin to play the Devil.*

A new Trick to know the Father of a Child.

273. A Wench was gotten with Child in a Knight's Service, and brought to Bed of a goodly Boy, before it was publicly known in the House: After her Uprising, being examined before a Justice of the Peace to know who was the Father of the Child, she said she could not tell well herself; for there was two of the Knight's Servants that had to do with her about the same Time, whereof one was a *Welchman*, the other an *Englistman*; one of them she said was the Father, but which of the two she was not certain. This doubtful Case put the Justice into a great Quandary, upon which of them to lay the Charge of bringing up the Child. But the Clerk said, He would

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would soon decide the Controversy whose the Child was; and thereupon went into the Kitchen and toasted a Bit of Cheese, and then brought it and offered it the Child, putting it to its Mouth, which made the Child to cry, refusing it as much as it could. Whereupon the Clerk said, Upon my Life the *Welchman* is not the Father of it, for if he were, he would have eaten toasted Cheese at two Hours old.

*This was a Trick which most Mens Thoughts be-
To find out the true Father of the Child: [guil'd,
If Men should once attain to such an Art,
Some Wives would wish them hang'd with all their
[Heart.*

No Wit like a Woman's.

274. **A** Carpenter had married a very handsome Woman to his Wife, but that she wearing Cork-Shoes, it made her Light-heel'd. This Carpenter used to work about a Mile from Home; but for the Love he bore to his Wife, he would every Night come back to Bed with her, altho' as it seem'd, she had rather have had his Room than his Company; for no sooner was he gone, but his Place was supplied by another, whom she loved more dearly, his next Neighbour, who by Trade was a Grocer. It happen'd one Morning, that the Carpenter went forth as he was accustomed; but before his Place was cold, another was gotten therein. He had not gone a Quarter of a Mile, but there fell such a Shower of Rain, with Likelihood of Continuance, that he returned back again, and drawing the Latch, went into the House;

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House; which the *Grocer* hearing, crept out of Bed and got underneath it as fast as he could. It being not yet Day, the *Carpenter* pulled off his Cloaths and went to Bed; where he had not lain above a Quarter of an Hour, but it ceased raining, and the Sky appearing very clear, gave great Hopes of a fair Day; which the good Wife perceiving, fearing her Lover would catch Cold by being without his Cloaths underneath the Bed, she jogged her Husband, telling him now the Sky was very clear, and therefore desired him to rise and go to Work. The *Carpenter*, who was very observant to his Wife, did accordingly; but it being so dark that he could not see, he mistook, and put on the *Grocer's* Breeches instead of his own; and so going his Journey, when he came to his Work, putting his Hand in his Pocket to pull out his Compasses, he found there a Handful of Money, at which he much marvelled, knowing not how it should come there; only he thought it was no bad Luck to have his Pockets so lined; yet was he in a Quandary whether he was awake or in a Dream, he being seldom Master of such a Purchase. Putting his Hand in his other Pocket, he found there a Bunch of Keys, a Note-Book, and some other Papers; which encreased his Wonder more than before: But looking down towards his Legs, he saw the Breeches were all full of Ribbands, whereas his own had never a one on them. Not knowing what to think thereof, he resolved to go Home and confer with his Wife. In the mean Time the *Grocer* missed his Breeches, and telling the good Wife thereof, they knew not what to do, only she thought it was his best Way not to stay,
judging

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judging her Husband had gotten them on, which might occasion his sudden Return. And indeed her Suspicion proved true ; for no sooner was the Grocer gone, but the Husband returned Home, where he found his Wife weeping and wailing, and taking on most bitterly : He asking her the Reason thereof ; O ! said she, The Grocer at the next Door Yester-night brought a Pair of Breeches hither for me to mend for him, and I being willing to earn a Penny, and not always to rely upon your Gettings, took the Business upon me ; since which Time, I know not how, some Body hath come in and stollen them away ; but if I knew the Cuckoldly Rogue that had them, I would have him hanged if it were possible. Then casting her Eyes fully upon him, O lack ! Husband, said she, I see you have gotten them on : Truly I was afraid they had been lost ; but hereafter I will have more Care of such Things as long as I live. The Husband hereupon pulled them off, and gave them off, and gave them to his Wife ; but withal told her, That he had rather allow her Two-pence out of his Day's Wages, than that she should earn a Penny in such sort.

*The Proverb says (and Proverbs often hit)
There's nothing like unto a Woman's Wit ;
They can lead Men by th' Nose e'en where they will,
Be errant Whores, and yet seem honest still.*

Of taking the Covenant.

273 **W**HEN the Scotch Covenant (that Ignis fatuus of Religion) was by the Long Par-

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Parliament ordered to be taken throughout the whole Kingdom; a Preacher of the Cause, to persuade his Parishoners the more forcibly to take it, in his Sermon told them this Story. About Twelve Years ago, said he, there was a great Lottery at *Colchester*, which was Twelve-pence a-piece for every Lot that was drawn: Amongst others that went to it was a *Cobler* and an *Oyster-woman*; the *Cobler* pressing in first, had a Lot delivered him, but when he viewed it, he found fault with it, that there was a Flaw or Chink in it, something amiss, and therefore he would not have it. The *Oyster-woman* that was behind him, seeing him to refuse it, held up her Hand, and cried aloud, *Give it me, give it me*; which being given to her, when she open'd it, there was a Prize for her of Fourscore Pounds; when the *Cobler*, who would needs have another, had only for his a Blank. The Story, said he, you may think to be mean, but the Application shall be good enough I'll warrant ye. Many People come hither to take the Covenant, and most of them are like the *Cobler* in the Story, they find some Flaws or Chinks therein, something or other that is amiss, and therefore they will not take it: But you should all of you herein imitate the good *Oyster-woman*, hold up your Hands, and cry, *Give it me, give it me*; wherein you will find the great Prize more worth unto you than Fourscore Pounds, &c.

*Thus when Rebellion cried down Religion,
The Covenant (that holy Cheat) a Widgion
Did make of many a Man, which since expir'd
In as great Scorn, being by the Hangman fir'd*

Jack

Jack Fool.

276. A Certain Lord kept a Fool, whose Name was *Jack*; this Fool was persuaded one Night that he had seen the Devil. The Chaplain asked him how he knew it was the Devil? Yes, quoth *Jack*, I am sure it was he; for he was a long tall Black Man, as like yourself, as if you had been spit out of his Mouth.

*When Men with Fools discourse, we often see,
With Roguish Answers they well fitted be;
Hit who it will, they do regard it not,
For why we know, a Fool's Bolt soon is shot.*

Another of Jack.

NEAR to the same Lord's lived one of his Tenants named *Mr. Nokes*, whose House *Jack* used often to frequent. This *Mr. Nokes* having one Day little to do, would needs play with *Jack* at *Blind-bob*, there being no Body at Home but them two. *Jack* was easily induced to play, for he saw a great many Black-puddings hanging up in the Chimney, at which his Teeth water'd; and therefore to accomplish his Purpose, he persuaded *Mr. Nokes* to be blinded first; which being done, *Jack* gets unto the Chimney to the Puddings, crying out, *You see, Mr. Nokes, I doubt you see.* No, i'faith, *Jack*, said he, I do not. *Jack* in the mean Time stuffs his Breeches full of Puddings, and whilst *Mr. Nokes* was groping about, slips out of Doors, and away he went. *Mr. Nokes*
not.

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not hearing *Jack*, pulls off his Vizor, and perceiving he was run away with his Puddings, sent a great Dog after him, who still as he came up to *Jack*, *Jack* gave him a Pudding, wherewith he wiled the Dog till he recovered his Lord's House. Mr. *Nokes* was so laughed at for this, that a long Time after he stirr'd not out of Doors: Afterwards the Lord invited him to Dinner, and charged *Jack* not to speak a Word to him of the Puddings; which *Jack* promised very faithfully to observe. Being at Dinner, *Jack's* Tongue was very busy, wherefore my Lord fearing he would get his Charge, held up his Finger to him; which *Jack* perceiving, No, no, my Lord, quoth he, I'll warrant ye, not a Word of the Pudding. Which Speech of his made the Company so merry, that they could scarce eat any Pudding or Meat either, for laughing.

*When Men with Fools attempt thus for to play,
The Fool i'th' End the Credit bears away.
In Witless Actions who attempts to enter,
His Reputation very much doth venture.*

The Parson that was call'd.

278. **A** Parson that was a great Stickler in the late Times of Rebellion, had by his Friends of that Gang, instead of a little Living in *Essex*, a great one given him that lay in *Yorkshire*; but with this Condition, That he should leave that small one in *Essex* whereof he was then possessed. Whereupon he gave his Parishioners of the small Living a Farewel Sermon, telling them at the latter

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latter End thereof, That he had for a long Time taken a great deal of Pains amongst them, but now he was to leave them, Heaven having called him to do Good in another Place. One of the Parishoners, when he had done, desiring him, seeing he would leave them, to resolve him one Question before he went, which was, What that Living might be worth he was going unto? The Parson told him it was judged to be Three hundred Pounds a Year. Ah! said the Man, I perceive now your Call; Three Hundred Pounds a Year your Living in *Yorkshire*, and ours is scarce worth Fifty; but had Heaven called you to a Living of Twenty Pounds a Year, I suppose he might have whoopt and hallooed too, and yet you not have heard him.

*Thus whatso'er Pretensions there was made
O' th' good old Cause, Money was the chief Trade
Those Rabbies were for, for they well did know,
Money would make both Horse and Mare to go.*

A Tale of a Pair of Boots.

279 **A** Young Gentleman living not far from *Newmarket*, was a Suitor to a fair Lady dwelling at *Colchester*, in the County of *Essex*; now this young Gallant having never travelled before five Miles from his Father's House, imagined the same as the Citizen's Wife did, who having never in her Life-time been out of *London*, would needs persuade her Husband, That tho' she had Twenty Miles to ride, and it was a rainy Day, yet they two might ride safe and dry under the
Pent-

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Pent-houses. So this spruce Blade thinking all the World was Heath-ground, tho' it was in the Depth of Winter, and his Man persuaded him to put on his Winter Boots, he would not go thither in any but a Pair of thin Calves-Leather *Effex* Boots, alledging this Reason for it, That he knew Mistress would love him the better, when she saw him come to court her in a Pair of her Country Boots. Whereupon he sets forward upon his Journey; but he had not gone above Half his Way, before he took such an excessive Cold in his Feet, that he was forced to alight at a poor Ale-house, at a Place called *Black-Chappel*, within three Miles of *Dunmow*, where he had no sooner got a Fire made, and his Boots (which hung about his Legs like Chitterlings) with much a-do pulled off, but he fell into a violent Ague, so that he was immediately compelled to take his Bed, where he remained many Days. This Ale-house-keeper where he lay, did keep in his House a young Water-Spaniel, which he had newly taught to fetch and carry; this wanton unlucky Wheip, seeking about the midst of the Night for some Bones to eat, lights upon the Gentleman's Boots, which he no sooner meets with, but being desirous to put in Practice what his Master had so lately taught him, he takes first one Boot, and afterwards another, and carries them into the Entry, where finding them wet and soft, he falls to tearing them, and in a short Time pulled and gnawed them into many Pieces. Now it chanced that in the Morning early, before it was Light the Old Man's Wife (who also dressed Tripe for to get a Living) was called up by a Butcher who brought her some Inwards of a Beast for

for the same Purpose ; which she had no sooner received, but returning back through the Entry, she unhappily stumbled upon the Gentleman's mang'd Boots, so that letting fall what she had in her Hands upon them, groping in the Dark, she took up all together, and carrying them into the Kitchen (without lighting a Candle) first cut, and then washed and dressed them all together, and having afterwards well boiled the Boots amongst the rest in the Kettle, which over-night she had set over the Fire for the same Purpote, she cast them into her Scowering-Tub, where for a while we will leave them, and tell you what became of our sick Gentleman. Within a few Days after he began to recover, and waxed very hungry, was calling his Landlord to know what Meat he had in the House. Truly Sir, quoth he have nothing but a Dish of Tripe of my Wife's own dressing, which if you please to have, it shall be made ready immediately. Well, it was accepted of, and brought to the Gentleman, who sitting up in his Bed, did feed heartily, till such Time as taking up a Piece of thin, long, lean Tripe (as he supposed) and finding a String jagged about the Edge of one Side of it, he called up his Landlady, and desired to know what Part of the Beast that was? The poor Woman searching it, and distrusting what it was, but not dreaming how it should come there, without speaking one Word, runs down Stairs into the Kitchen, where she was no sooner come to search for the Gentleman's Boots, but she finds the Puppy tearing of the Vampings, which he had lately transformed into Slippers. In the mean Time the Gentleman would not be satis-

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satisfied, but calls for her again to answer his Question; who as soon as she was come to him, he again demands of her, What Part of the Beast that was he held in his Hands? The poor Woman, tho' fearful and trembling, yet wittily replied, That she believed it to be rather a Part of the Outside, than the Inside of the Beast, meaning the Hide; and begging Pardon for her Carelessness, and the Dog's Wantonness, desired his Worship to forgive them both, telling him plainly, That that Piece he shewed her, was a Piece of his Worship's Boots; and that the Threads that looked like an Edging upon the Tripe, was nothing but the Jaggs of the Shoe-maker's Ends which hung about it. The Gentleman at this Accident one while laughing, and another while fretting, caused the Old Man to ride away speedily to *Chelmsford*, for a strong Pair of waxed Boots; but what with his Delay (by reason of his Sickness, and afterwards for want of Boots) to visit his Mistress, whom he promised to have seen a Week before, she imputing his long Stay, rather to a Neglect and slighting of her, than his present Misfortune, immediately contracted herself to another, who had formerly been a Servant to her, and at his coming discarded him; by which Means he lost his Mistress, his Labour, his Boots, and had like to have lost his Life too, had he not happily recovered.

*This Gallant was by Fortune foully cross'd,
For want of waxed Boots his Love he lost;
Therefore, young Men, when you intend to wed,
Be sure that you of waxed Boots be sped.*

The

The Thief and Countryman.

280. A Great Highway-man being condemned, and going to the Place of Execution, a Countryman who had been lately robbed, followed him, and coming to the Speech of him, desired he would inform him if he were the Party that robbed him: For, says he, you are now going to die, and to confess or not will not prejudice you; wherefore pray tell me whether you did it, or otherwise who it was, if you can. Truly, replied the Felon, I did not do it; but if you will go back to *Newgate*, and ask for such a one, give him but a Dozen or two of Beer, and pay his Fees, which is not above Forty Shillings, and he will certainly inform you. The Felon being hanged, the Countryman went to *Newgate*, in Hopes to find out who it was that robbed him. When he came thither, he found the Party he asked for, with several of his Comrades, drinking Healths to the Souls of their departed Brethren: He for a while accompanied them in that Exercise, and anon told the Felon what he came for, and who sent him. Now, says he, I am willing to pay your Fees, which the Felon kindly accepted, promising him fair, and so he was discharged. Now, said the Countryman, I hope you will resolve me my Question. Truly, quoth the Felon, I resolve you this, That if my Companion had not sent you hither to pay my Fees, I must have tarried here for them; but he was honest to me always, and as he lived, so he died.

Here

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*Here was Friendship indeed, Birds of a Feather,
They liv'd and lov'd, and rogu'd and join'd together;
And so were link'd to either in their Hearts,
The very Gallows should not Friendship part.*

Another of a Felon.

281. **A**Nother Felon going to Execution on a cold Winter's Day, and coming near a great Pond on this Side Tyburn, desired the Carman to stop, that he might speak with the Sheriff; who being come to him, he said thus: Mr. Sheriff, I am now going to leave the World, and therefore I would be loth to conceal any Thing which may do others Good: I confess that the last Robbery I committed was in this Place; and I being closely pursued, having a great Purse of Money, I threw it into to the midst of this Pond. The People hearing him tell this to the Sheriff, notwithstanding the Coldness of the Weather, presently ran into the Pond to search for the Money; which they did a long Time, till they were weary, as was the Sheriff with staying; whereupon he came to the Felon again, and enquired further if he was not mistaken. No, quoth the Felon, I intended to have some Mirth and Sport before I was hanged, and now I have had my Desire in seeing the People wet and cool themselves for nothing; and therefore now you may drive on when you please.

*Thus those in whom all Rogueries do meet,
Observe this Rule, A short Life and a sweet:
They'll merry be, tho' bang'd within an Hour,
Whereby their sweet is turned into sour.*

F I N I S.



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